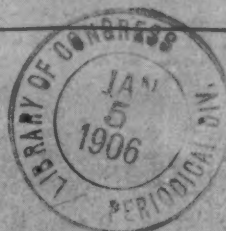


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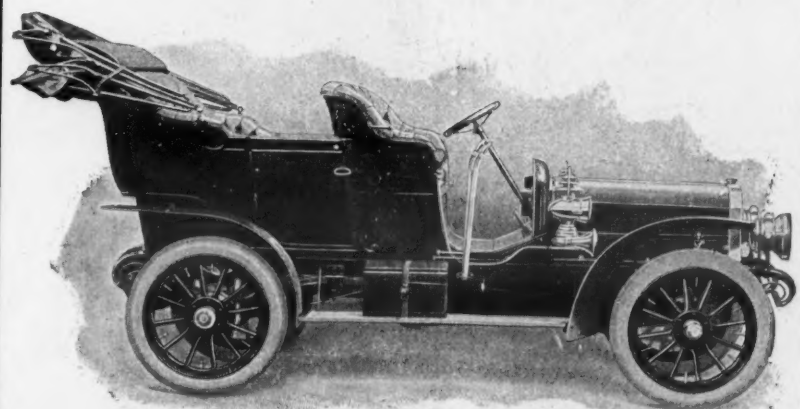
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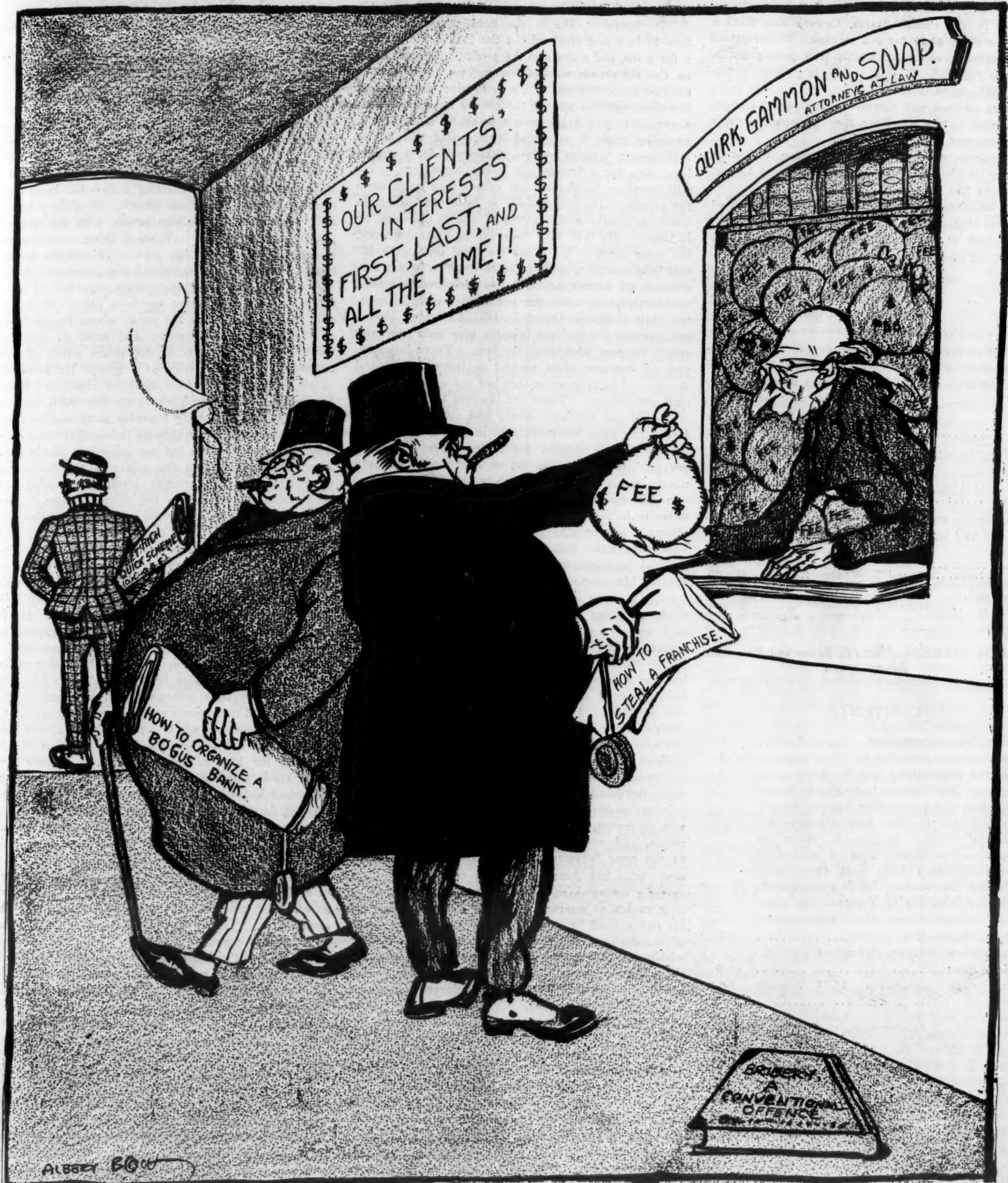
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The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 46

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



THE ACCOMPLICE

COMMENT ON PAGE 2.

THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London Anglo-American Exchange
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE MIRROR

The Accomplice

CARTOON ON PAGE 1.

By W. M. R.

A CCESSORY and accomplice in all forms of graft is the lawyer—the eminently respectable lawyer. He is the man who shows you how to loot and steal within the law. He will do it for a fee, and a share in the profits. He will draw up the dopey agreements for suckers to sign in a get-rich-quick scheme. He will give for printing and dissemination among the people an opinion that a project to pay 5 per cent a week on a blind pool gambling game is safe and legal. He will advise a faith-cure banking project. He will front with a legal plea for a boodle bill in the legislature. He will convince legislators that others may hand them the money. He will connive at false witnessing in courts to relieve a millionaire of a wife of whom he is tired. He will take fees for political influence, but enter them in his books for legal services. He will help concoct a stock or bond issue or float a corporation of dummy or office boy directors to unload worthless issues upon the people. "Andy" Hamilton, Abe Hummel, David B. Hill, Chauncey Depew are types of the eminent lawyers who make the laws shield the men who break the law. There is no aspect of commercialism pushed to insane greed and desirous of legal sanction that has not a lawyer on its staff somewhere. There are lawyers buttressing every social and economic wrong and taking pay therefor. The most infamous jobs in politics or legislation or finance depend for their success upon the lawyer. Some man, or set of men, wants to do a wrong to his fellows, to the city, the State or a nation. If he has the money to pay for it, he has no difficulty in finding a lawyer to show him how, and always a lawyer who stands high in the profession. The corporation that wants to swindle a city, the political organization that wants to frame a corrupt election law or to frame up a bill to make a police force a grafting machine, the schemers who want to evade gambling laws, and continue to gamble—for each and all the lawyer is the ablest ally, and the accessory before and after the fact of crime. The lawyer most apt to pile up wealth is he who is readiest for a proper fee to show one how to commit a crime without committing it technically under certain statutes. The attorney can rob an estate and charge up the missing money to fees. The attorney can advise a man to do that for which, if you or I advised him to do it, we could be prosecuted and convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. The lawyer is the privileged tool of all those who seek to gain privilege to mulct the public. And because he serves men of means, and thus becomes himself a man of means, he is not, or has not been, condemned, whereas the poor "shyster" is anathema. To defend a man who has done wrong and endeavor to show that the wrong doing was not the offense alleged, is only to act as guarantor for the defendant that all his rights shall be secured him as against the power of the State. To show a man how to do under or within the law that which the law forbids is something else. All lawyers are not thieves. All thieves are not lawyers. But the big thieves everywhere are coached by lawyers. There are more honest than dishonest lawyers, but the former are not the most successful lawyers in the material sense. The big fees are not earned in fights for right, but in strategy to foster privilege, in skillful steering of those who wish to pluck the people without danger of punishment. What the profession of the law needs in this country is a moral revival and regeneration. It needs to be brought back to nobler standards and ideals. It needs to serve the weak, not lend cunning to strength, to protect the many, not fortify the predaceous few. It needs to strive more for right and less for a share in the profits of wrong. Who

will be the Luther to lead in a purging reformation of the profession of Law, and drive chicane and greed from its high places?

Roosevelt's Absolutism

By W. M. R.

THE President's arrogation of power to himself is roundly denounced. Yet it is not he who arrogates the power. It is thrust upon him by the people and their representatives. It is not Roosevelt who has made the government look like a one-man power, but the people who, indolent or cowardly themselves, unload their burdens upon him because he is willing to do things. "Put it up to Roosevelt" is the ever-recurring suggestion in politics of those who do not know what to do or how to do it. They put it up to him mostly with the idea of putting him in a hole. When a thing comes up to him he doesn't dodge, but acts. This is the explanation of the much condemned encroachment of the executive on the other co-ordinate branches of government. Popular action sanctions this as shown in silly demonstrations of the public about the carriage of the President's daughter, and most of what is written of Roosevelt is in the strain either of the encomiasts or denounciators of a tyrant. He responds to all calls upon him in a fight for right, and if he has interfered in New York to squelch Odell, he has done so in answer to a cry from his party, and has done so as a man and a Republican rather than as President, a fine distinction, but nevertheless a distinction. There is no doubt that the public in shifting issues upon Roosevelt has brought about a condition approximating absolutism in the White House. The President takes hold of things and puts them through when they come to him, the Cabinet caters to him and bends to his will, Senators and Representatives mark the popular idolatry of him and fall into line. Corporation employers and strikers fly to him with troubles, and his simplest expression upon any subject makes his view the craze of the hour. He is the man to be called upon for everything, and to whose personality is popularly ascribed some special grace which sanctifies his deeds. Opposition melts into complaisance before him. Insidiously his predominance has been enlarged, until it looms almost Neronian, and the writers and speakers who are heard are heavily fulsome, while the priesthood almost deifies him and the women dissolve in orgasms of admiration for him as the compeller. A very few doubt his infallibility, even while admiring his fidelity, his strength, his ideality of view, but it is almost *lese majeste*, latterly, even to jest about him. His State papers take a masterful tone. His actions and speech indicate impatience of any dissidence from the multitude's view that he is the man to set things right. He praises or blames, exalts or debases men in phrases of imperious, if not imperial, finality. The crowd gazes, awed, and exhales sighs of admiration for the strong man. They regard even his display of whim or spleen or temper as ebullitions of greatness. There never was a President so liked, to whom so much has been forgiven, even by those who were originally most rabid against him. The South pardons his flouting of its most sacred prejudice. Wall street applauds in him what in others it would pronounce anarchy. States-rights Democrats are ready to give control of anything into his hands. He asserts himself supremely, and the people, liking him, question not his tendencies, even as he, seeing the people pleased, goes ahead and does all he can to please them more, give them more of what they most like. He doesn't see his own absolutism, because he takes his color of mind from the people. It is not Roosevelt who is autocratic. It is the people who are servile. It is not he who has usurped, but they who have abdicated, authority.

Reflections

Land Issue in England

MOST significant of all events in current world history is the note struck by Campbell-Bannerman's new Liberal ministry in Great Britain, on the subject of a remedy for the economic ills of the people of England. The new Premier declares for the application of the Henry George doctrine to the taxation of land values, with a view to getting out of those values for the public something of what the public contributes to those values. The theory is that this will be a radical, fundamental solution of the housing problem, as it will tend to make big holders let go of land, and when the land shall be more freely accessible, the result must be an emancipation of labor, a stimulation of industry, an incitement to effort that will produce for the man making it something more than a pitiable subsistence. The programme is that known as the Single Tax. It isn't all theory, either, for the programme has been followed in Ireland with good effect and its results in benefit to the many work out as indisputably as those of a rightly worked mathematical demonstration. The idea is that the true born Englishman shall get back to the soil and renew his strength, that he shall be taken off the rates and put upon his own resources, that taxation of land monopoly shall break up land monopoly, and that the worker shall have profit of his labor, and not be despoiled thereof for the poor privilege of existing on land held through no inherently just title by others. Of course Campbell-Bannerman does not purpose putting into operation the Single Tax in its abstract and relentless logic, but he does purpose setting the principle to work definitely that the readjustment of the land into a common ownership may gradually work itself into the governmental system. And conservative England isn't paralyzed over the prospect. The proposal is quite calmly discussed, whereas on this side of the Atlantic, the new rich, of shabby intellect, but voracious appetite for more wealth, greet the Single Taxer with the cry of "Anarchist." The *London Times*, most conservative of journals, printed Tolstoi's plea for the George doctrine as news. The Single Tax theory is biting in everywhere. It is back of all recent reform in this country. It is the cure for the prime cause of graft, the remedy for the more prevalent sorts of economic distress. In England the cause is very strong, for they have found out how it has worked to the amelioration of Ireland's condition in the land acts, and so there is no frantic wailing or shrieking when the new ministry declares not only for free people and free trade, but for free land. The Single Tax application to government will be the first fundamental reform back to the logic of nature—for that is what any real reform must be—of the Twentieth century. The Campbell-Bannerman regime will not see it, but it will come, and probably as most English reforms have come, through Conservative action resultant upon Liberal agitation, even as in this country the Democracy has split itself in fighting for things which, when found good, are appropriated by Republicans and put in operation. The Single Tax will win, though all its hot gospellers go down in defeat for a generation, and it will win first in England, probably, because in the narrow boundaries of that country and Ireland, the land problem is most acute, land wrongs are most in evidence, and the remedy once applied is bound to show quick beneficial results.

❖❖

EVERY general in the United States Army but one is in favor of re-establishing the canteen. Every

argument in favor of the canteen is an argument against Gov. Folk's lid. Freedom makes for light drinking. Repression makes for hard drinking.

❖❖

MAYOR McCLELLAN has disappointed Tammany in his appointments after Tammany counted him into the office to which Hearst was elected. A little more of this sort of thing and the election thieves will quit stealing offices for those who despise and refuse to reward them.

❖❖

Stealing Sager's Laurels

OUR Democratic Police Board must not arrogate to itself too much credit for purifying the police force of its grafters on the bawds. The credit belongs to City Attorney Arthur N. Sager, who started the investigation and forced the police officials to root out the evil, the existence of which they stoutly denied when the *MIRROR* first asserted that tribute was being levied upon the peripatetic nocturnal paphians. Mr. Sager has done his work well, and with characteristic reticence and modesty. If he had a press agent the country would ring with his praises, but he hasn't, and so a great and searching reform work goes on with the honors going all unfairly to those who have not merited them. The papers should do for Sager what they did for Folk, but—never again! They are luke-warm towards Folk, because they begin to realize that he "worked" them, "confidenced" them into making him a demigod. But that they were fooled in Folk—even the *Republic* is snarling at him now—is no good reason why they should refuse to be even fair to Mr. Sager.

❖❖

SOME say Congressman Wood. And some say he wouldn't.

❖❖

THE *Republic* has Butlerphobia. Do the Cella-Adler-Tilles gang own a control of *Republic* stock? Is that the paper they were to buy for their Harry? Or is Ed Butler's daily, the *St. Louis World*, cutting in on the *Republic's* subscription lists in the country, since the *Republic* became the race-track and bucket-shop organ.

❖❖

The Mayor's Corner.

MAYOR ROLLA WELLS gets \$30,000 per year for the lease of a building he owns at the corner of Broadway and Olive streets. How much of that represents anything Rolla Wells does or did for the creation of that value. Is it not patent that every person who walks by that corner contributes to that value? The value isn't in the property but in the people about it, the people in ministering to whose wants its occupancy may be made profitable. Wells doesn't actually use the property. The men who use it have to pay Wells for doing so. The property's value is given it by the public gathered here and gathered most thickly at certain times of the day in its neighborhood. Mr. Miltenberger, who leased the property, says its rentals ought to be worth \$100,000 per year, net profit. Why shouldn't all that value be taxed, with an allowance for the increment of actual use to the holders, into the public treasury as compensation for the public's part in creating the value? This property wasn't created by Mr. Wells. It will not be created by Mr. Miltenberger. Its value is that it is near the city's center and that from its coign some one may be more easily placed in relations of barter in various forms to the multitude thereabout concentrated. For what Wells or Miltenberger or Smith or Jones may or might do with it in any form of productive use he is entitled to realize a profit, but in so far as the ground has a value given it by the public over and above the value ensuing on the occupant's use of it, that value

should go to the public. This isn't Socialism or Communism or Anarchism. It is simple justice that the public should profit by what the public creates.

❖❖

He'll Do It.

Now that Mr. B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island-Frisco system, a good St. Louisan, is in supreme power in that system it would not be asking too much that he do something for St. Louis, and how could he better begin than by going about the lowering of those railroad tracks at Union and De Baliviere avenues which threaten life and impair the beauty of the great residence "places" near Forest Park? The Rock Island and the Wabash could co-operate in lowering the tracks which spoil and endow with terror a prospect which otherwise highly pleases, and the depression of the roadway could be effected without any injury to the Park which is so dear to all the people except the Worlds Fair procrastinators in restoration.

❖❖

MCCLELLAN is a reformer. He wasn't elected on the square. He's a base imitator, and our Folk should sue him for infringement of copyright on that performance.

❖❖

The Con Colonel.

NEW YORK'S millionaires are finding out just what Col. W. D. Mann thought of them while his men were soliciting them for subscriptions to "Fads and Fancies." His letters to his solicitors point out the vanities, foibles and weaknesses of the men who were to be advertised in the book as great leaders of men and builders of communities. The Colonel had them all marked as suckers and doled out the most convincing dope as to their weak spots and blind sides. He thought nothing of tapping a mogul for a \$2,500 write-up and if the weak spot or the blind side wasn't apparent, why one of the Colonel's irresponsible agents on *Town Topics* had knowledge of a little scandal that the "mark" might not like to see exploited in that "journal of society." It's all very funny—this exposure of the silly vanity of the big rich that the Colonel was grafting on, but no funnier than the Colonel's own pompous and fussy vanity as exposed on the witness stand in his suit against the Colliers. Col. Mann is an old beau with an air of culture and wonderful whiskers and genius for getting next the rich and prospering there in a sort of literary parasitism. This polished, foppish, empty pretentiousness, blent with some shrewdness in parrying the inquiries of the attorneys, makes a delightful show for all New Yorkers who were not on the Colonel's list. The Colonel is just smart enough and just vain enough to be a fine mark for a lawyer and he figures as a sort of popinjay prig detected in an attempt to work a very foxy game. He won't be caught in any actual blackmail, but he is made excruciatingly absurd in the way he exhibits his silly vanity in the investigation of his method of prospecting for profit the vanity of others. Col. Mann is more of an ass the more he talks. If he talks much more there won't be anything left of the prestige of *Town Topics*. It was once a great paper of its kind, but no paper can survive the disclosure of such a vapidly vain and approximately venal creature behind it. The Colonel is a member of a great many New York clubs. It begins to look as if he would be dropped. His pimping on the rich has been made too plain and if his actions in the "Fads and Fancies" matter isn't blackmail, it appears to escape that characterization only because the old buck was advised by one of the New York judges, one Joseph M. Deuel, a partner, how to keep within the law. The Colonel had a great graft, a graft most wonderful to have been thought out by such an elaborately, vacantly, pompous old dandy as

himself. New York is the paradise of "con men." A fakir like Col. Mann couldn't earn his grub anywhere else in this country and in no other city in the land could a man in his business dare to continue in it as he does. Col. Mann looked like a personage until he came into the limelight: now he looks like the veriest chump.

❖ ❖

YERKES, millionaire, died in a palatial hotel, spurned by his wife and daughter. Whatever money did to him, it did worse to the wife and daughter who had neither pity nor pardon for him in his dying moments. Christ! What a price people pay for money!

❖ ❖

Mr. Hawes' Public Service.

MANY of the political sins of Mr. Harry B. Hawes will be forgiven him for the thrashing he gave a private detective the other evening in Faust's. The fellow who "spots" men with a view to exposing their private moral delinquencies is a social pest and any recognition of him other than a smashing, such as Mr. Hawes bestowed upon his persecutor, is only an encouragement of a trade that inevitably develops into systematic blackmailing. The man thumped by Mr. Hawes, it seems, gained his most conspicuous employment in the service, as he has often alleged, of two profoundly good men, Joseph Wingate Folk and Rev. Willard W. Boyd, and, from all accounts, has been trailing Mr. Hawes for some years. Such attention from such a man with such purposes back of it constitute an annoyance and persecution, for the stopping of which no better means than those employed by Mr. Hawes have been suggested. Therefore, Mr. Hawes deserves the thanks of the community for smashing the spotter.

❖ ❖

A Boom In Babies.

A DISPATCH from Albany, December 26th, reads as follows: "The phenomenon of Mrs. Alfred Wiltse presenting two babies to her husband within four months is occupying the attention of Albany physicians. A boy was born August 29 last, and on Saturday a girl came, there being just 116 days between the two births. Both are doing well and so is the mother." This occurred during the presidency of Roosevelt, the first man to make procreation an issue of national policy. It shows the influence of mind over matter. Talk about making two blades of grass grow where one grew before! What's that compared with promoting the increase of the baby crop so that two come to one mother within four months? Truly Republican government is synonymous with prosperity. If we could have about eight more years of Roosevelt I have no doubt that we might have babies produced be mere abiogenetical processes, something in the nature of pushing to its ultimate logic the faith doctrine of the Christian Scientists.

❖ ❖

RUSSELL SAGE is not in his dotage, but in the very height of his genius in agiotage.

❖ ❖

Too Honest Tom.

EXCISE COMMISSIONER THOMAS E. MULVIHILL ought to take a tumble to himself. Twice, recently, he has been put in bad. First, he allowed the old gang at the Jefferson Club to wheedle him into the belief that they sincerely wanted him to lead the St. Louis Democrats to victory next fall as the President of the club. They simply wanted to unload on him. Fortunately, for Mr. Mulvihill, Governor Folk was not so easily fooled, and saved him from the clutches of the political pirates who had planned his undoing. The fact that the Governor found it necessary to criticize Mr. Mulvihill sharply, by inference, in a public letter, ought to have taught him a valuable lesson,

but it seems that he is yet ready to take a cork under, when the hook is cleverly baited. Last week he secured the proxy of Joe Spiegelhalter of the Tenth Congressional District, and hied him to Jefferson City to put the Butlerites out of control of the Twelfth Congressional District. He made a sorry mess of the job others had put him up to attempt. The State Committee would not listen to him, and the Butlerites have since claimed a great victory over the forces of reform. A better judge of human nature, particularly that brand of human nature that deals in politics, would easily have avoided both mistakes. The State Committee has quite enough troubles of its own without seeking more in the Twelfth District. Perhaps Mr. Mulvihill ought to be excused for getting into this scrape, as he is not familiar with the country politicians who dominate the State Committee, but he ought to have known enough to have kept out of the Jefferson Club dead-fall. Not one of the old gang that fought Folk is sincere in wishing his administration well. The Governor has put this bunch of cormorants out of business, save for such perquisites as they yet hold at the City Hall. They have nothing but ill will towards the Governor and those who represent him in St. Louis. The Jefferson Club is heavily in debt. It was not the friends of Governor Folk who incurred these debts, but his Democratic enemies. The old gang picked upon Mr. Mulvihill as a likely man upon whom to unload the club, its debts and its bad name, and then pull out themselves. Had their plan carried, he would have had an elephant on his hands right at the start. In place of helping him, the old gang would have turned against him with all the shrewdness and venom at its command. The old gang would have said: "We have nothing to do with the Jefferson Club now. It is a Folk organization and dominated by his friends. Under our management of the club, Democratic victories were won in St. Louis. Now watch and see what the Folk men can do?" This is the hole into which Mr. Mulvihill was falling headforemost when Governor Folk pulled him out by the coattails, just in the nick of time. Mr. Mulvihill is a sensible man and a conscientious official. He is entirely too honest to be a politician. He persists in believing what the politicians tell him. He has lived in St. Louis long enough to know better. The old gang of manipulators and greedy hogs don't want him any more than they do Governor Folk. Mr. Mulvihill ought to keep his eye and ear on Jefferson City. The honeyed words of the gang don't go very far with Governor Folk. He's a honey-worder himself. The gang has been trying for more than a year to bait the Governor, and have failed in every instance. Mr. Mulvihill should remember to "beware of the Greeks when they come bearing gifts."

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THERE was no police grafting when the police were not organized into a political body. The grafting came in with—whom? Don't all answer at once. You may be hit with a match-safe.

❖ ❖

A Friend of Learning.

COL. JOSEPH SHANNON, of Kansas City, according to his own statement, is so deeply interested in the public schools of the State, that he journeyed all the way from the Kaw town last week to attend a meeting of the State Teacher's Association at Jefferson City. The fact that he had a proxy in his pocket to attend a call of the Democratic State Committee, which held a meeting at the State Capital the same day the teachers assembled, should not be so construed as to call into question the sincerity of his statement. The meeting of the State Committee was a side issue. Col. Joe is anxious to line his party up on the side

of education, so the assembling of the two bodies at Jefferson City at the same time afforded him a double opportunity to help the cause of education. With a proxy in his pocket he could appear before the Committee and tell his Democratic brethren that the days of celebrating a Democratic victory by lynching a nigger and burning a school house were over, and that he heartily indorsed the change. Prior to the winter of 1903 there was some reason to doubt that Colonel Joe was as deeply interested in the cause of public schools as in Kansas City ward politics. But his work before the Legislature that winter in behalf of the School Book trust was so conspicuous that only a blind and deaf and dumb man could have entertained any doubts as to where he stood. He talked school books day and night. Whenever a member of the House evinced a disposition to lay violent hands upon the trust cinch, Colonel Joe was ever ready to show him that he was working against the interests of the public schools. As the session drew near a close, Colonel Joe's work became so arduous in the cause of education that an investigating committee was appointed and some \$500 and \$1,000 bills were turned up. Colonel Joe, aided by that patriotic defender of public education, Fire Alarm Flannagan, succeeded in saving the trust. But no matter if Colonel Joe's activity in the cause of the public schools did start an investigation which resulted in much sorrow to some statesmen who had been known as hard-working boodlers during the session, the school book trust was granted a reprieve of two years. So great had been the Colonel's work before the 1903 Legislature, that he had not sufficiently recovered last year to come to the aid of public education, so the trust school book law was repealed. Earnest as Colonel Joe undoubtedly is in the cause of public education, it is to be greatly feared that as long as Governor Folk remains in office, the bounds of his usefulness, when the Legislature is in session, may be so greatly circumscribed as to reduce his powers to the minimum. For some reason, patriots like Col. Joe Shannon, Col. Bill Phelps, Col. John H. Carroll, Fire Alarm Flannagan and half a dozen "highly respectable" lawyers find their usefulness at Jefferson City, under Governor Folk's rule, so greatly impaired as to be practically useless. Perhaps they will bloom again—perhaps not. In any event, if Governor Folk's vigilance and suspicions cut short the career of Col. Joe at Jefferson City, the other Legislative Colonels and the "highly respectable lawyers," ought to chip in and erect a monument to the man who suffered in the cause of the public schools of Missouri.

❖ ❖

FRANKLIN K. LANE, of California, is very objectionable as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, because he is not a man who will see the law with the eyes of the railroad managers and manipulators. He is a Democrat who believes in Democracy, and he will enforce the law. Therefore he is a bad appointee on a board whose record has been that of elaborate demonstration of how not to do it in the matter of railroad regulation.

❖ ❖

Mad Dogs and Corn.

THE report of the State Board of Agriculture to Governor Folk contains a suggestion that the Legislature should enact a law to restrain mad dogs. We had always supposed that canines afflicted with rabies considered themselves beyond the pale of any law, federal, state or municipal. Perhaps this is a common error. The State Board of Agriculture has doubtless delved deeply into the subject and knows what it is talking about. If a law can restrain mad dogs, let us have one, or a dozen, at once, and emblazon the

name of the members of the State Board of Agriculture over the north entrance of the Capitol in honor of their discovery. Perchance a parsimonious Legislature has crippled the usefulness of this board. Who knows what it may not discover, if the Legislature will provide enough funds to make the wheels go round. The late Captain Kneisley, of Boone County, once said that if the Legislature would appropriate enough money, the Dean of the Agricultural College Farm at Columbia would soon solve the problem of "how to raise corn on a tin roof." Now it may be of small concern to farmers who own many acres of rich Missouri land to know if corn can be successfully grown on a tin roof, but there are city people who feel a deep interest in this matter. Consequently, for the time being, the matter of restraining mad dogs by an act of the Legislature, may be dismissed, on the theory that the board has settled the question. But tin roof farming is quite another thing. A close inspection of the last report of the board does not mention this important subject at all. Doubtless the board is waiting for an appropriation, as it seems nothing can move over at Columbia without a State appropriation. Col. Dorsey, Columbia's greatest authority on Jeffersonianism, can always prove that Jefferson would indorse the appropriation if he were in the flesh. Such being the case, Governor Folk should be informed of the facts at once, to the end that a special session of the Legislature may be called. Already the dates for primaries are being fixed in the country. Seeding time will soon be here. If, meantime, the board can show that corn can be grown on a tin roof, the price of tin will advance, the tin plate liar will return from hades and resume business at Washington, and every politician in the State will plant a crop of corn. The municipalities of Missouri will be one vast tin roof. Senator Stone will rent a couple of vacant lots at Washington, cover them over with tin, and between innings at lambasting the trusts, he will tenderly watch his corn grow and talk agriculture with Pat Murphy, Judge Shackelford and Champ Clark. Ex-Governor Francis will put off his visit on his own invitation, to the crowned heads of Europe, Asia and Africa and cover the World's Fair grounds with tin and there, some pleasant April evening, he will plant his corn and his Presidential boom. The advance in the price of tin will be so great that Tom Niedringhaus will have so much surplus money that it will not be necessary for him to call on Democratic brewers for funds with which to enable the Republicans to carry the State. The possibilities of what the board might be able to accomplish in this direction are enough to make one's head swim when considered in only the most casual way. The people know too little about our State Board of Agriculture. Those who have been disposed to poke fun at it, as did the New York *Sun* some years ago, know not of what they speak. The reports of the board should be in the hands of thoughtful and grateful people, instead of in barber shops, doing service, a leaf at a time, as a mop for lather.

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A Group of Pictures.

THERE are about ten first-class paintings on exhibition at the Noonan-Kocian galleries, an exquisite Corot, soft and luminous, a Sir Joshua Reynolds of rare texture and peculiarly firm quality, two canvases of Diaz of a rich strength, a Dupre of about as representative grasp as any ever seen here, two Monets, one a painting of Parliament Buildings in a London fog that is the last word of the first master of impressionism, the other a bit of the Mediterranean in a dim haze full of the exquisite soft light that lies upon that storied sea and its shores. A D'Aubigny, in which a dark vista, with fuzzy foreground leads on to most

wonderful cloud effects, is a gem to warm the connoisseur's heart, while there is an exquisite Sisley of remarkable clarity in presenting a bit of lichen-cliff overlooking a tumble of creamy waves. All these are paintings that are paintings, of the best of the modern schools, yet without the too modern note. There is nothing locally that presents such quality of painting, outside of our private galleries, and our best private galleries cannot show anything to match the warmth of the Dupre, the Corot or the D'Aubigny. There is no place whereat "the man on the street" in St. Louis can look upon such pictures as are brought to the Noonan-Kocian galleries. They are educational institutions in themselves and an unique resort for picture lovers who are neither of the swell set in touch with private collections, nor of the different local art cliques that never let their minds feed upon anything but the group of local talent.

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Haec Fabula Docet

OVER in Germany it is still a sort of custom that, when an officer and gentleman has done something dishonorable and asinine, his associates wait a little while and then if he makes no move, call upon him in his quarters and after the most casual conversation, depart, leaving a loaded pistol where he can't fail to see it. He usually "sees" it. The moral of this lies in the application on't, even to German officers or ex-officers abroad in this country.

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Go Higher

TO THE Police Board: Go deeper and higher in the investigation of the detective department of the force. It's as bad to graft top as bottom. And keep an eye on secretarial "fixers" of possible witnesses. Clean 'em all out, whether they took silk undershirts or diamonds. Thieves are bad enough, but thief catchers in public pay who divide the spoil with thieves are worse. Go higher—that's what we said.

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The Lid in Archie

As Chief of Police Kiely is presumed to be extremely anxious to discover some means of extirpating a certain class of clubs where drinks can be obtained on Sundays, his attention is directed to the little hamlet of Archie, Cass County, Mo. Until last Sunday, part of the population of that town was sorely grieved because certain male citizens persisted in spending a greater part of each Sunday at a club. For months it had been noted that most of the men who patronized the club, returned to their families at night smelling like a combined stillhouse and brewery. These country people are not much on working up clues for the newspaper reporters, or announcing a long time ahead what they intend to do. To the contrary, they do things first and talk afterwards. Last Sunday night, while the members of the Archie Club were enjoying themselves, a hole about six feet square was blown through the building in the story beneath them. The president of the club forgot to adjourn the organization under the rules, so great was the interest manifested by the members in getting outside the building. It is said that the president slid down a lightning rod, and that the secretary carried a window sash with him, so thoroughly was he convinced that a club room was no place for a man of family to spend his Sunday evenings. A revivalist will start a protracted meeting there next week, and it is predicted that the president and secretary of the Archie Club will be the first two converts. The club house has since been vacated, and the Sunday lid is now down so

tight that you couldn't drive a mustard seed under it with a tack hammer. Suppose that the Archie remedy should be addressed to the St. Louis, University, Jefferson, Union or any of our other swell clubs that sell liquor on Sunday in violation of the law!

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More Lawyer Ethics

ETHICS is the word with which the lawyer salves his conscience when he wants to take the money. The "code of ethics" permits a lawyer to do anything he wants to do. If he's a real big, able lawyer he can, of course, fit anything he wants to do, into conformity with the "code of ethics." There's Judge Alton B. Parker, of Esopus, of the trained pet pig, of the red hair, of the matutinal natatory ablution, of the "gold telegram," late a candidate of the Democracy for President. He was once a member of the New York Court of Appeals. As such, we read in a recent news item, he rendered a decision on a ballot contest case which was quoted by Mr. Hearst's attorneys week before last, in arguing his case before the same court. Now Judge Parker was counsel for Mayor McClellan. To admit the binding force of his own decision would be disastrous. Did Judge Parker bow to the law as he had laid it down when representing the blind goddess? Not he. He took refuge in ethics. He said it was "different." There was a fine "distinction between his own dictum as chief justice and the opinion of the court." He reversed himself for a fee—a dignified sum, we suppose. But he's still "ethical," all right enough. And a body of our fellow citizens ran him for President. Think of it.

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Progressive Journalists

MR. EDWARD L. PRETORIUS is the new president of the German-American Press Association, which publishes the *Westliche Post*, the *Anzeiger* and the *Mississippi Blatter*, succeeding to the place held by his late and great father. Mr. John Schroers is the general manager of the three publications which have been an almost astounding success. These two young men have planned to move their plant into a new million dollar structure on Broadway and Chestnut street, northeast corner. It is even rumored they will start an English afternoon daily when they have moved. They will stick to the old high Pretorius tradition, but enlarge the scope of their work and influence by reaching a wider public. They have merited and will receive the cordial support of newer and greater St. Louis.

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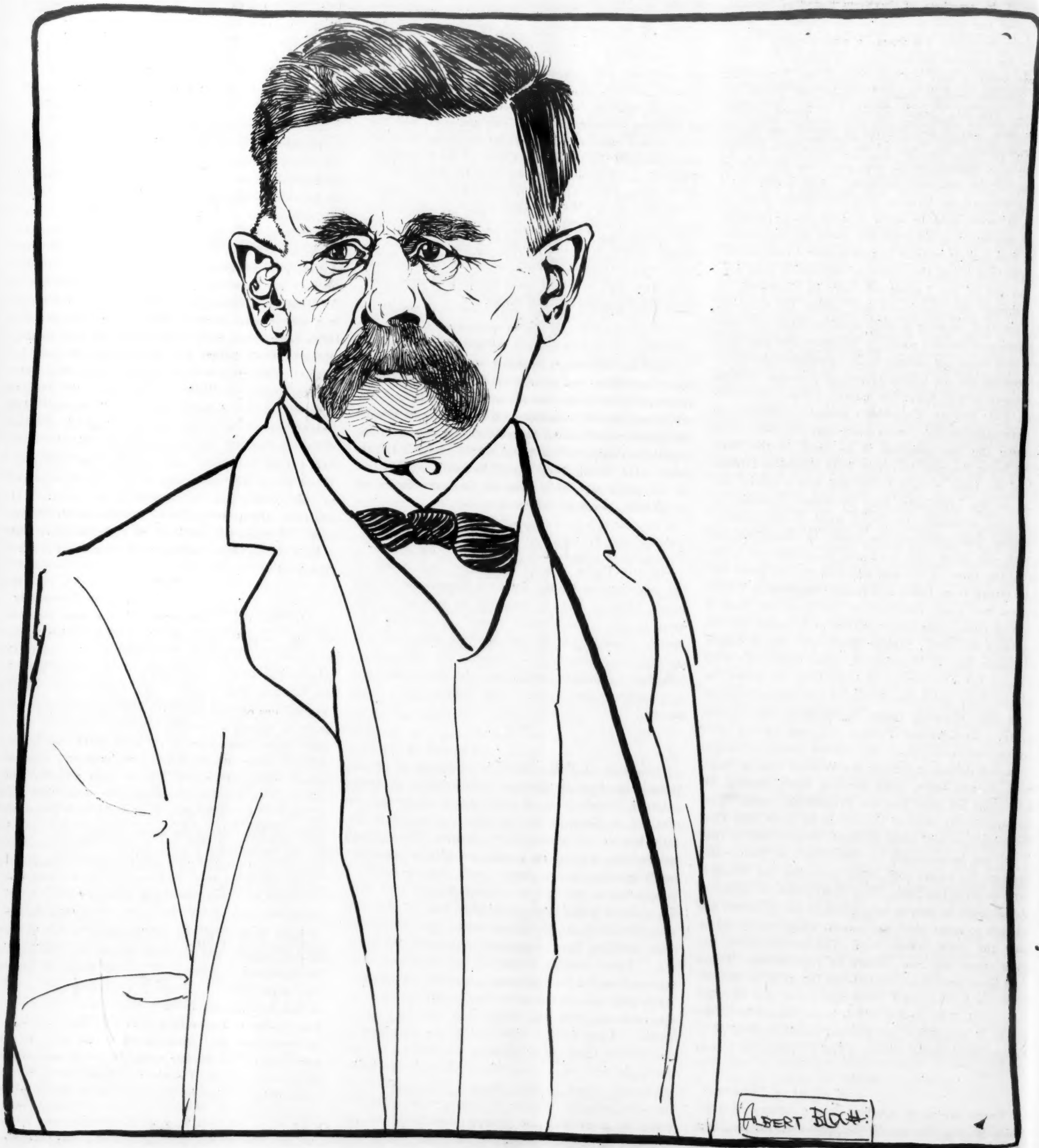
John Burns

JOHN BURNS, a real workingman, is in the new British Cabinet, and the workingmen are abusing him for accepting an office. Trust the people to crucify their true friends. Burns is a big man. The trouble is that he's too big to be a class man. Fool workingmen forget that others than they have rights and interests, and that government is for all, not for any class. The worker with his hands—or with his mouth—is not all of society. John Burns is most commendable wherein his class most viciously disapproves him.

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The Kalich

If you love the art of the stage and enjoy a drama that, in the classic phrase, purges the emotions, see and hear Bertha Kalich in "Monna Vanna," at the Garrick. She has much of the simple and poignant pathos in power of Eleonora Duse, and the play is a big, transcendent thing, beyond the petty, selfish, narrow moralities—as big and broad and deep and tender and terrible as a woman's heart.



MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER

Kindly Caricatures No. 37

Kindly Caricatures

[37] William Warner

MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER is one of the men destined to fame by having no middle name. It has made him junior Senator from Missouri,—that and a Grand Army record kept vitalized by frequent speechifyings at G. A. R. camp fires. The Major is almost as fanatical and fatidical a G. A. R. man as Joseph Benson Foraker—when talking to the camp fires. Outside, he admits the war is over.

The Major is a lawyer and quite an orator, with a strong tendency to harden the aspirate. He loves to tell of his early struggles, and seems to extract much pleasure in being sorry for himself in his youthful deprivations, but he tells a good story, mixes well, and up to a short time ago was one of those Missourians who could gracefully tote a Titanic tank of toddies and never turn a hair.

Senator Warner has been in Congress, and has had some big law practice, yet he has not made a fortune. His abilities are pronounced, and their manifestation is brilliantly attractive, yet he has never been permanently retained by the great corporations, and his failure to fix himself financially is attributable chiefly to the fact that he couldn't get his own consent to fix himself in the way men of his size and port and gifts have been in the habit of doing. It's a truly rare thing to see a prominent Republican anywhere who isn't strong on the finances, but Warner is one of the exceptions. He's a rugged sort and of a carriage which always makes it seem out of place and form to hear people call him "Bill." He carries the diminutive from his army days. Odd, by the way, that Missouri should have two Bills in the Senate.

The Major ran for Governor once as a Republican, and the most that is remembered of his campaign, a singularly picturesque one, is that John Thomas Brady, our Terror of that time, organized a band of Warner Democrats in his behalf, and the police wouldn't let them get in the crowds at the polling places—not to protect the ballot boxes, but to protect watches and leathers in the pockets of the assembled electorate.

That the Major was a gallant soldier the war records prove. As a politician he has not been successful, because he couldn't shift and trim successfully. He fell into the Senatorship on the last day of the Legislative session as the result of a deadlock between Kerens, the boodle railroad candidate, and Niedringhaus, the man whose caucus nomination Kerens bolted. Warner's election didn't cost him as much as a postage stamp. But now both Kerens and Niedringhaus claim him as their man.

Circumstantial evidence indicates that Kerens has "got" him. Kerens "got" him before when Kerens bought most of the instructed State delegation to dump Chauncey Ives Filley in the Republican National Convention. Warner is close to Kerens' men out in the State and Warner has fixed L. F. Parker's son in a territorial judgeship, and L. F. Parker is of the Frisco and was for Kerens under cover, which accounts for Tom Akins quitting Parker as a candidate for the Senate, after he had been to Washington and had seen the President, who knew well that Kerens and Parker were two names for the same thing—opposition to the President's rate-regulating policy. Warner has fixed McJimsey of St. Joseph at Callao, Peru, and McJimsey was a Kerens man. Kerens men seem to stand better with Warner than do the regular, out-and-out stickers for Niedringhaus, the caucus nominee. Now, this is important, because Kerens is tarred with the brush that smirched Blaine, Dorsey, Elkins, Hanna, Blocks-of-Five Dudley, the fat friers generally and *la haute* graft particularly. He was for Alger and Egan and Perry Heath and Loomis and the Postmaster General who couldn't see the Tyner-Machen-Beavers postal thieves in his department.

All that's rotten in Republicanism has a line somewhere leading to Kerens from the days of padded pay-rolls for deputy marshals in Arkansas reconstruction times, to Star Route frauds. If Warner is politically tied up with Kerens we may doubt the sincerity of his protestations that he is for the President and all his policies. A Kerens man can't be heartily for the President, because the President—well, he knows Kerens and we all know the President.

Senator Warner, by the mere fact of being the first Republican Senator from Missouri, in more than a generation, is an important man in the Upper House of Congress. Missouri is worth catering to that it may be held in the Republican column. Warner has force and dignity and learning in the law and wide experience and some rather offish charm that will make him effective with his colleagues. Withal, he's quite a demagogue—in the better sense of that word—and he will be heard from. If wrongly suspected of alliance with Kerens, he is ideally situated politically, for he owes his election to no corporation, boss, combination or deal, and he can be all himself and make himself a mighty name.

If Warner be not Kerens' man, nor Niedringhaus' man, his chance is to become a National figure. He can keep out of cliques and cabals and fight a free lone hand. He can stand for higher politics as a representative of a new Republican State his party wants to keep, as a man from the South and the West, too. If he can steer clear of patronage rows and tackle

Where You Buy Joy for a Penny

By Katherine Tynon Hinkson

YOU may buy joy for a penny, yonder in Tir na n'Og.

If you were King of Ireland or but a bare-foot rogue

Your chances would be equal, for, och, the roads are many,

But they lead to one fair country where they sell joy for a penny.

The king has got a goodly queen, and many a loyal vassal,

And the blessings of the poor are the keepers of his castle;

But his queen's hands cannot hold him, his queen's heart cannot keep:

For voices out of Tir na n'Og have called across his sleep.

"Let down, let down the drawbridge, bring in my horse from grass,

Let others loiter through their lives, and watch the shadows pass,

Longer and ever longer; at noon I must away,

When shadows are at shortest, and time takes holiday."

The King has ridden westward, the way the bright sun goes,

And the beggar by the roadside the self-same calling knows;

The girl that begs beside him, and makes her arm his pillow,

He leaves her with a light farewell, and she may wear the willow.

Now he that rides and wears a crown, and he that tramps his way

Together find the selfsame goal at dropping of the day;

Though one has climbed the Golden Spears, one gone by lowlands fenny,

Both come at last to Tir na n'Og, where you may buy joy for a penny.

coolly the proposition of being a Senator of the new reform type, and the first of that type to get there in a long time, he may within three years become one of his party's Presidential possibilities. He has the nerve for such a stand and the character to make good. He's clean and he can remain so. There's no bigger chance for any comparatively new man in our public life. Does Kerens hold him? Can the lesser control the greater? If 'twere so, 'twere pity. Let us hope that we shall never be able to add: pity 'tis, 'tis so.

A Song in Court

By C. B. O.

DISTURBING a religious meeting is a very serious offense in this State. It is more serious in the rural districts than in the cities, for country juries are prone to go to extremes in such cases. People who go to church are supposed to demean themselves properly. If they don't, the law is strong enough to make them remember their sins many times over. In the country, in particular, a charge of disturbing a religious gathering is almost equivalent to conviction. Few lawyers will defend such cases. They usually tell their client to plead guilty and fall upon the mercy of the court.

The resourcefulness of C. C. Fogel of Lancaster, Mo., the other day, in defending a joint charge of this kind preferred against two or three young men and women, makes a story worthy of narration by Mark Twain. The young people in question, had attended a religious service, something in the nature of a class meeting, near the little town of Green Top, conducted by Deacon Jabez Brown. The complaint was that by giggling, laughing and squirming around they had greatly disturbed the meeting. Sister Brown testified that their "doings was jist scand'lous and oudacious." A number of witnesses corroborated her. All said that the peace of the meeting had been disturbed. The Justice, who belongs to the same denomination as Deacon Brown, glared savagely at the defendants, and the lines on the faces of the jurymen hardened as the State concluded its case.

Then the defendants were sworn. The girls admitted that they had giggled and the boys that they had laughed, and all said that they had perhaps squirmed around some. "And what were you laughing at?" asked Mr. Fogel. In turn, all made the same answer: "We was laughing at Deacon Brown's singing." "That will do," said Mr. Fogel.

"Now Deacon Brown," continued Mr. Fogel, "I want to ask you some questions." These interrogatories developed the fact that the Deacon led the singing, and in fact, had done most of it himself. The first song was "Rock of Ages," sung to long meter, and the Deacon said that this was the starting point of the disturbance.

"Now, I want you to sing that song—at least, one verse of it—so the jury can hear it," said Mr. Fogel. The Deacon demurred. So did the Prosecuting Attorney. The Justice was inclined to favor the State, but Mr. Fogel was persistent. He claimed that his clients could not help laughing; that they had no intention of disturbing the gathering, but that Deacon Brown sang through his nose, and made such a peculiar sound, that the defendants could not repress their merriment. It was a question for the jury to determine if they were really guilty of disturbing the solemnity of the occasion, or if the Deacon himself was the occasion of the disturbance. Mr. Fogel argued so eloquently that the Justice finally caved in, and told the Deacon to go ahead and sing a verse or two of "Rock of Ages," so that the jury could decide the case intelligently. It required a good deal of coaching on the part of the Justice, but eventually the Deacon broke forth in melody.

The noise he first made sounded like a hog fast

under a floor. Then he sailed skyward as he emitted the words "clef for me"; took a hitch at his trousers and twisted his body preparatory for another high pitch, and screeched out, "let me hide myself in Thee." By this time every one of the jurymen was roaring with laughter, while the obese stomach of the Justice shook like an old-fashioned fanning mill running at full speed.

"I guess you youngsters had better go home," said the Justice, not waiting to hear from the convulsed jurymen. He knew what the verdict would be.

"Charlie Fogel," said the Justice after court had adjourned, "that was a low down trick you played on poor old Deacon Brown."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Sonnets to a Wife"

By Madison Cawein

THERE has been much discussion recently as to the future of the drama—that it is to be the poetical expression of the future; and will eventually usurp the place of lyrical poetry. Many poets, and would-be poets, under this illusion, have occupied, and still are occupying, themselves with the writing of poetical dramas; expending their energies, to my thinking, in a hopeless task, and to no convincing conclusion that I can see. For, it is my opinion, the poetical expression of the future is not to be in the poetical drama, but in the lyric, of which the sonnet is a form, and in the short, possibly dramatic, narrative poem. Far from becoming obsolete the lyric and the sonnet are coming more and more into vogue, and the greatest poet of the future, as I divine it, is to be the one who pours his inspiration into these forms.

For my part, I cannot see it any other way. Is not "The Raven" worth any play that Shakespeare wrote? That is, as a trumpet for the name of Poe in the ears of the ages to come. There is more for me in such a poem as "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" and in "The Vision of Sin" than there is in all the plays ever written by Browning and by Tennyson: either of which poems would perpetuate the fame of these poets were all the rest of their works lost or destroyed. Could we say the same in the event of such a misfortune should "The Return of the Druses" and "Harold" alone survive?

So much preliminary to a word concerning a volume of sonnets, originally published in 1901—"Sonnets to a Wife"—by Ernest McGaffey, and now republished in a sumptuous edition, with an introduction, by William Marion Reedy, at St. Louis, Mo.

The quality of these sonnets strikes me as being higher than that of any book of sonnets it has been my pleasure to read since I first read Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and George Meredith's "Modern Love." In Mr. McGaffey's sonnets we have the purest wine of poetry—the true love of a noble nature, a strong man, for a beautiful, and noble woman, his wife—poured out in three score and ten crystal goblets of song, curiously and beautifully wrought. Of all forms of poetry the sonnet, perhaps, is the most difficult; and to have written one great sonnet in a lifetime is to assure any poet of fame if he write nothing else. In his "Sonnets to a Wife," if Mr. McGaffey has not done this seventy times, he has done it at least thrice in such sonnets as "Women," "Sisterhood," and "To the Woman." You can search through literature and not find three nobler and truer sonnets on the sex.

There is no pretence in Mr. McGaffey's poetry; what he writes he has lived; he has known it intimately and entirely; he is nothing if not sincere. Sincerity is a portion of all that he voices; the keynote of his nature, entering into and pervading the real beauty, born of his inspiration, that he expresses in almost every line of his sonnets.

What could be finer than this:

*I can exist on what a Spartan can;
Endure as granite; smile when friends do fail;*

*Face poverty, and see the years grow stale,
Or bide my time with any sort of man.
Full in the teeth of Fate I fling the glove—
Come age, come death, while I have you, my love.
Or this:*

*For something to the written line belongs
Beyond the word that's uttered; through the pen
This verse, mayhap, shall come to live again,
And take its place among remembered songs;
When you and I, and all our love and trust
Are blended into long-forgotten dust.*

*Or this:
There is so little time, Love, after all,
To walk together; such a little while
Before our lives will melt as in a breath;
How soon, alas, the leaves of April fall!
How much I miss the joyance of your smile,
And waiting seems the bitterness of death.*

Beautiful bits taken from the complete and beautiful mosaic, a glowing portion from the exquisite whole.

Mr. McGaffey knows Nature, too, as few of present-day poets know her. He has met her vagabonding and she is an old companion of his, intimate and loving. He comes to us with the burrs and blossoms of recent close contact with her adhering to his raiment and his hair, and pungent with the wild perfumes of the touches of her lips and hands. Throughout these sonnets we come upon passages, sometimes complete sonnets, redolent of the woods and breathing the divine spirit of natural beauty. Here is a pastel that no painter could improve upon, or surpass upon canvas; the words are full of autumnal splendor:

*Along the slopes the fading stubbles show,
And in the woods a purple vapor swims,
While hickory-nuts from the wind-shaken limbs
Drop down and nestle in the leaves below;
The sumach burns with ever-deepening glow,
And shadows lurk about the shallow rims
Of silent pools; while eastward slowly dims
The penciled flight of a departing crow.*

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Ladies' Tailoring

(Special Prices)

During January, 1906, as usual, the cost of Dress-making and Tailoring in our Special Order Room, will show important reductions.

Orders will be taken now and should be placed promptly, as the work will be done by our most competent and experienced regular help, and the output is therefore necessarily limited.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

DRY GOODS CO.

BROADWAY-LOCUST-OLIVE.

*And you and I here on this russet hill
Drink deep the beaker of autumnal wine
Held to our lips, and feel the nameless thrill
That ebbs and flows in changing shade and shine;
The breeze is dead; the trees are rapt and still
As pilgrims kneeling at a desert shrine.*

This is one of many that I am tempted to quote on account of their felicitous descriptions of nature, but space and the length of this article forbid.

There is no reason why Mr. McGaffey should not go on producing more poetry like this that he has embodied in his sonnets. That he will I am confident; adding new laurels to his not slender wreath as the years go on. In view of the commercial spirit of the age, that tends so much to the discouragement of the production of poetry, Mr. McGaffey's work is quite an achievement, and in that knowledge, I am sure, he finds his reward. And with this as an incentive he will go on, maintaining the standard of excellence he has set for himself in these Sonnets, ever holding to his high ideals, his passion for truth and beauty and justice, and welding, as he himself puts it, "his life to the iron of his dreams."

♦ ♦ ♦

Rising in the World

FIRST RUNG.

FORTY dollars a month. Hard work, enjoyed leisure, cozy cottage and loving wife.

SECOND RUNG.

Five hundred dollars a month. Hard work, rising young man, sport, envy of riches, discontent in a bigger home, loving wife.

THIRD RUNG.

Five thousand dollars a month. Man who's made his mark, questionable friends, midnight orgies, cheerless mansion and patient wife.

THE TOP.

Millionaire. On the pinnacle of success. Head turned, many friends—of his money—fast women, shattered home, divorce.—*Chicago Examiner.*

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Blue Jay's Chatter

*Wilhelmina—lovely creature—
(And she's got the cuss)—
Peachiest in form and feature.
Of the family Busch.*

*Came a Deutcher Man a wooing—
Big persistent cuss—
Brought he lion cub for cooing—
Raised an awful fuss.*

*"But, Sir," said fair Wilhelmina
"There are others. So
I won't be your philopena.
You can't be my beau."*

*The Deutcher—funny fellow—
Just chock full of wit—
Planned a Belleville joke—oh, hell—
Wasn't there a fit*

*When Papa Adolphus heard it?
My! He raved and swore.
Sent his henchman quick to bring them
To Missouri's shore.*

*Will they marry? cry the gossips.
Deutcher says "Ach! Yes."
Does he know, Does Wilhelmina?
What's the answer? Guess.*

Darling Jenny:

THE above epic musts needs be translated if you are to get the hang of the most exciting society story we've had in thirteen blue moons.

Do you know, ducky, I always had an idea that Minnie Busch would up and astonish us all some day

and she's done it, by gum! Minnie has high spirits, you know, and she's been papa's best girl and petted darling so long and with all that money and very individual tastes and Europe every summer and California every winter—my conscience, Jane, but hasn't she had the royal time, though?

It was this way, darling: A youngster by the name of Teddy Scharrer—they call him that *en Busch famille*, but his real name is Edouard—the French "ou," not the American—came over here to see Mr. Busch on bizness several years ago when Minnie was but a cheild, as it were, and immediately he fell in love—with Minnie and the idea of being a son-in-law of St. Louis' finest citizen, and who shall blame him? Not we, Jane, even if we cannot always agree with his ideas on "How to conduct a Courtship," by a Single German Gentleman. Well, and shortly after they met Minnie gave him the cold deal, don't you know, and took all his presents including a goll darned lion cub that he bought from some zoo and hauled into the dining room one night when they were all celebrating Minnie's steenth birthday, and the cub ate everything in sight, including most of the guests, except Scharrer—and there are those who do say that if that cub had only been hungry enough—well, to again resume—he knew Minnie had a little private menagerie of her own—some parrots, a monkey shine or so, and I believe a few other pets—she has always been kinder partial to pets—being a great pet herself, as I think I beforehand remarked, yes no? And so, and so Scharrer made an instantaneous and terrific hit and Minnie who had hitherto and heretofore only elevated her eyebrows now lowered them and looked steadily into his melting brown orbs whenever she thought it would do the most harm. That was all for then, ducky, but Minnie has been the popular flirt, and don't you forget it, and so many nice boys have been so dead anxious to get into Busch Place and have Adolphus build them a castle in Spain or any other old

place that nobody thought nothin' tall. But he kept on meeting her in the Rhineland every summer and they took a long motor trip together through the Tyrolean Alps—no darling, this was not the Louisiana Purchase—Dave Francis' exposition, but far, very far from it—and last summer Minnie just looked out of sight and no mistake—she got to wearing the gladdest rags you ever saw, and big hats that looked like Austrian archduchesses and things—and she always was a handsome girl, and Scharrer got awfully anxious, for other German gents had eyes in their heads as well as he, and dear Adolphus is pretty well and favorably known 'tother side of the Atlantic. So he tried his luck again and it was once more yet no go. True as Gospel. Minnie thought of a few 'St. Louis chaps she liked to trail round with and who liked her society first-rate, and she did the "thumbs down" act once again. Scharrer never got the least bit discouraged. He came right along over here to get into the family band wagon at the glad holiday season and hunt for his presents on the tree Christmas Eve just like Eddie Faust or Artie Magnus or any of the other nice sons-in-law, which was nervy, but calculated to show Minnie that he was a real determined young feller. The Busches all liked him—or they did until he got to joking—and some of 'em say they still think he's the real humorous thing and they don't care and they love him still, but of that, anon. Anyhow, one day last week—darling, here is where you draw four deep breaths, spit on your hands, and make a quick pass in the air—ready? here goes: one lovely December morn when the sun was high and the frost was still on the back fence, Minnie and Teddy hiked out for Belleville. Why Belleville, no mortal can say, because Clayton is so rural and there is quaint old St. Charles, too. But they went mit Belleville, I expect since Papa Busch owns a glass works or something over there and Minnie loves to see evidences of her father's industry. They got there, dearest, and then nothing

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happened. Scharrer had told Mrs. Magnus that he was going to marry Minnie that day, and Nellie—that's Mrs. Magnus—had told the other members of the family, and Minnie herself thought that she'd better phone Papa that it was all a joke of Teddy's and they hadn't really gone to get married and not to worry. Meanwhile the *hochwohlgeboren* (nit) drew a pop and threatened to kill himself and others if the girl wouldn't marry him, but the girl wouldn't do what her father disapproved, and that settled Mr. Deutcher's hash. Of course the girl didn't tell about the threats until she got home. Papa Adolphus didn't like that idea of a Deutcher joke, so he expressed his mind on it and sent one of his trusted employes to do the personally-conducted homeward tour, don't you know, and they came back by trolley. Wasn't that a come-down, or I should say a come-over, Jane? And the family all gathered round to meet 'em in the dewy eve—it was dewing rather much that night, I remember—and Teddy got up a terrible laugh and slapped Papa Adolphus over the shoulders and said his folks at home always thought him a fearful joker—and that he couldn't help being so funny, don't you know—and Papa finally saw it that way, too, only he said he'd take his jokes hereafter from *Die Fliegende Blatter*. Then Teddy said "We will be married on New Year's" and that'll be about all for to-day except the presents, I suppose. And, my sakes, dearest, but think of having to get ready a stock of wedding presents when Christmas was hardly over. Wasn't it awful and I guess they thought so, too, for it didn't happen Monday and it ain't happened yet. Minnie is making up her mind and Papa Busch—bless his dear old heart—and she his favorite daughter—don't I wish I was, though?—just said the young folks could settle it themselves and to go ahead and do what they pleased—and Minnie is awfully pensive and lost in thought most of the time and denying herself to all except intimate friends (the lion cub died, Jane, or they had to chloroform it), and everybody says they are still engaged, don't you know, but what will happen is beyond the ken of man and Minnie. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she changed her mind, nor would I be startled if she married him to-day. Lots of people who have met Teddy think he's perfectly lovely, and he's as rich as can be—hops—you know—or maybe it's malt—but it's something like a gold mine and he sure is the good looker, over six feet and one of those typical traveled foreigners and says he expects to stay in New York when he marries Minnie. And that's all, Jane, and I'm sure it's exciting enough, now, ain't it?

Mr. Busch takes the trouble like a thoroughbred, Scharrer shows up as a ass, or worse, to take a girl

and try to bluff her into marrying him, when the family had no objection to his winning her fairly. Everybody is sorry for the Busches, and for Gene Angert, one of Minnie's sweethearts, who has been dragged into the case. What a lot of trouble one damn fool can make for a whole lot of honest, clean, nice people!

Oh, yes, honey, I'll cable if they marry. Maybe I'll cable anyhow, if they don't, for you won't be able to sleep until you hear the sequel.

Heaps and heaps doing. Who do you think is engaged and to a perfect stranger—I mean, of course, a perfect stranger to everybody here, except a select few? Louise Little, that lovely blonde daughter of the Billy Littles, who live in Little place or some such country residence next door to the Dave Calhouns out in Clayton, where they patrol the roads now, darling, to see that your auto doesn't drive faster than a gentle trot, which is awful, and our chauffeur got held up by one of the patrolmen the other day and made to slow down, only you don't have to stay slow, you know, but just kite on till you get to the next patrolman in corduroys, like the real English article. Somehow it reminded me of poaching in England, don't cherknow, only Harry Turner and Lacey Crawford and Dave Calhoun say they can't see anything interestingly foreign about the custom at all. Well, where was I? Oh yes, Louise's engagement: A young man from Richmond, Virginia, is the esteemed person—his name is—'pon my soul, Jane, I can't remember—it is sort of German-sounding and not known here at all—but I guess he must be nice or Louise would not have picked him out of the assorted sizes. They are going to wait until spring, and then have a bang-up big wedding, and I hear rumors of Miss Tutt, not Edwina's young aunt who went to Europe with her, but the other one who lives in Vandeventer place and is so rich that she can't ever spend half her income—and they say she is going to marry some young lawyer who is the brother of her most intimate friend, and Julia Knapp and Erastus Wells have decided to try their luck together—Julia is the handsome brunette who is somehow related to the Francises—I remember Mrs. Francis gave her a ball when she came out—and she often sits in the Francis box at things and gets presents from them all the time—Julia went to Europe a year ago and stayed an awfully long time, you know you wrote me she and Mrs. Knapp were in Paris and you caught her buying sweet lace-trimmed and hand-embroidered convent things and that you smelled a nice. But there was nothing doing then, I am certain, for she has been reported engaged often but never really has been till now. You know Ralph McKit-

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trick was terribly *epic* in that quarter and so was Sam Davis before he thought seriously about Emma's golden locks. But it is Erastus for true, and the first Wells son to get engaged. They will be married at Easter.

Tall doings last week, and of course the Simmonses spread all round getting the social stunts started and finished. George does it now as Wallace and Ed just show up on the concert nights and let the young ones do the hustling. This was the biggest concert they ever had, and Vandeventer place just went crazy over the fellows—and all the debutantes are wearing Yale blue—or they were for about thirty-six hours—nothing so fickle as a blushing bud, you know—and, my goodness, but she's a right to be, if she chooses—and you ought to have seen the violets that night at the concert—they covered every girl in the boxes and violets cost money now, nearly as much as American beauties—wonder who got that box of two dozen twelve-foot beauties I saw being put up at Weber's on the

Saturday before New Year's. They cost two and a half plunks per rose, my dear. Awful waste of the mun, eh? I'd rather a heap have gloves or a real sporty English print, wouldn't you?

But the Yale concert—I'm still so rattled over those mandolin boys that I can't think straight—they were James dandies, every one, darling, and I just thrill and thrill when I think about 'em, and that cute little boy who gurgled and gargled with his cute little shaky tenor voice and the funny fellow who sang darky arias to tremendous applause—that's one thing you always get at a glee club concert—round and rounds of applause—no matter what you do or how you do it.

The house looked perfectly grand, Mag. Every box full of low necks and corsage bouquets. Land sakes! but Mrs. Eddie Simmons has got the perfect shoulders, though. Took a squint at her through my glasses and they are just as fine as when she was Mabel Filley, and I do believe the best in the line that night. She had a darned fine box party—Mrs. Wallace, who is pale and looks as if Palm Beach with the babies on the sand for awhile and nothing to do but loaf wouldn't be a bad idea, though I thought she looked better that night than for some time with pink flowers round her hair—and that stunning Johnson girl—can't think which one—the cold, classic style she is—a dream of Gerontius or something, in white satin—Mrs. John Douglas is the same style—awfully Gibsonish you know—but my goodness, gracious! wasn't Caroline Lackland the luscious peach, though, in fluffy white things and a rain of silver—no, Jane, I am not talking about any newsboys' benefit, but I might discourse for some moments on Caroline's increasing plumpness did I not wish to hurry on to the Tommy Maffitt box party which was quite the empty-umptiest in the house, methinks. Tommy is awfully much for Yale—and so they always have large doings, and with Julia looking fine and her hair just spick and span—she has the good sense not to wear fussy things in it, don't you know—like Maria Taylor, who is a dream this winter, darling, and I hear Bob Walsh is awfully smitten—he is Jule's brother—and doesn't care so awfully much for society—none of the Walsh boys do—Jule and Clara Bell were married last Saturday noon on the bride's Kentucky stock farm and that whole section of the State went crazy over the weddin' fixins, so I hear. But goodness gracious, you should just have seen Hermine Gratz that night—she was in the Tommy Maffitt box, too—if you want real, unadulterated good looks—she was all lit up in white satin, and that lovely smile of hers just put the electroliners clean out of business. One of the Wear boys' wives who wore pink satin and has the smallest foot in town, Jane, she wears twelve's and a half's—in a pink satin slipper it's—oh, what's the use talking, she b'long's to another fellow—well, she, too, was too sweet to live and Mrs. Goodman King who was very much on the upgrade with the Yale outfit, since her son—I never knew the Kings had a son but he's pretty lucky with all that Hopkins money behind him, to say nothing of Goodman and the Mermod Jaccard interests—they gave the boys a feed at the St. Louis Club that day—very dead swell—Mrs. King, I say, had a bunch of lovely buds with her, all diked out in their low-necked togs, and, Jane, there sure is something fatally hateful—note my absence of the letter "e"—about Box T, for the women who sit in it just will wear their ostrich plumes anyhow. Hetty Lazarus was the pretty provoker that night—she had on a black stunner that cut off the view for everybody behind—as a creation of the milliner's art it was a simon-pure wonder, and as a piece of head-gear it was a caution. Wish you'd been there. Henrietta is reported engaged, and I shouldn't be flabbergasted to hear it confirmed. She is going ranching down in Texas soon—nice place for courtships, Texas ranches.

The Minnie Busch episode utterly eclipsed in interest Mrs. Chout Scott's arrest for auto-speed in the county. The papers had her written up as Miss



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Adele Keller Scott. Don't blame 'em either, she looks so young and fresh and sumptuous. She certainly is our gorgeouset swell woman here, and I'm told she even made 'em take notice in Paree, with her scorching and gowns and good looks and her spending of money.

The New Year's here, and maybe dear old Dick Kennett will get married before it's over. Heaven bless him; but what would the University Club be without him in his corner, ever genial. Lewis Tune is no longer secretary of the St. Louis Club. Harry Coudrey succeeds him. We shall miss the naive grace of Lewis, the large gracility that he accumulated in Texas. Coudrey is popular, but he still denies that he contemplates marriage. John F. Lee has been elected President of the St. Louis Club and all are pleased; he's such an unassuming, up-and-up chap, almost old fashioned, you know. For me I don't see why those St. Louis Club fellers don't make Charlie Chapman president. He's a real gemman, dat's what he sho' is.

Speaking of the St. Louis Club: funny thing. Two fellows were suspended for the same performance, yet one was let out for a year, t'other for six months. The first was given the butt end of it because the Governors had it framed up to get rid of him, and because he's not as flush as he was. The second was let off light because he's recently come into a big fortune by virtue of his father's death, and some of the members of the Board of Governors may need his money in some of their schemes. The poor man was "jobbed" with design to get him out of the club. But he sticks. The charge was gambling and boozing and tipping attendants; but those things are done there all the time—except the tipping. There are few good tipppers, and club attendants are on short rations mostly.

Cartoonist Albert Bloch, or Caricaturist Bloch, has followed the example of Cartoonist Chopin of the *Star* and gone and got married. To a mighty sweet

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girl too, Hortense Altheimer, whose father, Col. Altheimer, owns Altheimer, Ark., and is a picturesque looking Southern planter of the old style. She's a sort of niece of Ben Altheimer, the big swell broker, and a sister of the stylish and pretty and singful Mrs. Haberman, and—dear me, there must be at least 3,750 Altheimers in St. Louis alone. The wedding came off with a dinner and a dance at Rebman's, and it was a unique feature to see the MIRROR's cartoonist and caricaturist, take the first violin and lead the orchestra in playing music for the dances. He plays as well as he kindly—God save the mark—caricatures. Such a stunning lot of Jewish women, too, that I saw at the wedding, and how sensibly and unrestrainedly the Jews enjoy themselves at such affairs as contrasted with us—alleged—Christians.

I guess you'll have heard about Mrs. Sel Edgar's diamond purse which her hubby gave her for Xmas before this reaches you. My, but she's getting swell-er and sweller, and you ought to have seen the dark, lissome, tall, Maud Gonneish Irish girl that she had for a maid not long since.

You know the Pattisons, of course—the E. W.'s, I mean. Well, E. W. told a story at the Normandie Club t'other evening. (Cross my heart, he did.) Said Judge Fisher was holding court, and a juvenile offender was up before him, a wee little bit of a fellow. The judge leaned over to him as the boy was called to the stand and said: "My little man, do you understand the nature of an oath?" Then, "Yes, Judge," replied the boy; "You know I caddied for you all summer." Pretty good, Janelet, eh? Why don't you laugh? I told you that E. W. Pattison told it.

I'm sending you with this, enclosed in one of those little envelopes that hold the cards you send with presents that story that Ed. Paramore tells of the man who had lost his voice at the ball game, and I've put it in your cable code at that. Great story—but I wish I could send you a phonograph record of Ed's rendition of it.

Wallace Simmons has gained honor by testifying before the Police Board in behalf of a detective accused of grafting, that is, taking money from—one of those women, you know—or rather you don't know. He went along all right speling away of what he knew, and then one of the Board suddenly put in, "Do you know Maud Williams?" and he blushed and pretty nearly fell through the floor, and that about did for him. Poor Wallace, he's so innocent. Why, he doesn't even know the tune of the song, "Let's all go up to Maud's."

Horrible rumors, Jennie, that your ideal, Ralph Coale, threatened the other evening to thrash our famous Col. Abe Slusky, somewhere down town, and was restrained from so doing only by the interposition of friends. I can't tell what has become of Lacey Crawford; never hear of him. Maybe he's taken the veil. The Prices—she's that pretty woman whose husband runs a grain pit or something, while she runs a white automobile—have taken that odd, forlorn, big house on Kingshighway south of the Monticello, and are going to give a ball there in honor of Edwin Lemp.

They tell me that handsome Scullin boy, Jim's son, not John's, who recently got the big \$20,000 cheque from the Wabash for being run over by a train when he went down to the river to see the Nashville, or something, and who's supposed to be sweet on a French named pretty girl, will be put up for Congress in our middle district here, get elected, and then, as an M. C., be married with eclat. Nice fellow he is, with a fine voice, and then he's a Scullin, and all the Scullins go with everybody here, mostly on account of old John and Mrs. John, who are such genuine people, don't you know. If he marries they'll go to Paree and be entertained by the Baronne de Gheest, the eldest Scullin girl, who was here at the Scullin-Wade wedding, and was *tres Parisienne* and *le dernier cri*, and all that.

Mrs. Dave Calhoun hasn't done anything, not even worn a new gown, in at least four days, and the city is in a state of paralytic expectancy of what the future may hold in that quarter. When Mrs. Dave Calhoun does nothing it's as ominous as when Mrs. Dave Francis does something.

They had a loud vest contest on 'Change the other day, and Sam Carlisle won the prize with a confection in pizzicato putrefaction of colors that almost blinded the judges, but sartorially the event of the season is Stacey Bray's sable-lined automobile coat with a gold chain in the collar to hang it up by.

Well, it's New Year's. What are you going to swear off? I'm going to swear off gossiping. It's easier to swear off what you're not really addicted to, don't you think? The woman on West Morgan street—who drank so much wine that she couldn't get out of her carriage, but had to be carried by the coachman, after a little dinner at the Jefferson—but, as I said, I never gossip. Do I *mon Jeanne*?

This letter is getting to be nearly as sizable as some Lindell boulevard society matrons who don't wear light colors any more in the evening, but have taken to black because it thins you. So here's where I wield the ax, sissy. Luv to yuh. BLUE JAY.

Exit McCall

McCALL has resigned from the presidency of the New York Life Insurance Company as Missouri's Insurance Superintendent requested. He steps out with a few millions to his name, and his character emitting sewer-gas as he goes. A year ago he was spoken of reverently as a type of business probity. To-day his name is a jocose synonym for business dishonor. And so he, too, pays the price.

Niobe

By Ernest McGaffey

IT was an ideal pasture for Niobe. Over the gently rising slopes the clover grew thickly, and down along the creek the short grass lay, while through the wild iris and reeds the current of the creek ran silently, clear and cool, and only about knee-deep. Along the edges of the creek hard maples rose, their close canopy of leaves making a luxurious shade for cattle and sheep. All day the sunlight rested on the slopes, and at night the stars glinted on the shadowy hills and peeped in among the brooding leaves. And the herd, guarded by an imported short-horn of magnificent build and threatening eye, browsed peacefully until it was time to be driven in to the barn-yard for the evening milking.

Niobe was the beauty of the herd. Jet black, without a white spot on her rounded form, and with polished horns as sable as her coat. She was the pride of the dairy, and when she came in with the surging mass of cattle at night, she looked more like some swarthy deer than a mere cow. After a time her first calf came. It was an awkward, uncertain creature on its legs at the beginning, but as the weeks went by it gained strength, and waxed in comeliness. It was of the same color as its mother, and no one not acquainted with the intense maternal instinct of animals, could imagine how fond and proud Niobe was of her calf.


Every day they grazed together, and the calf gambolled foolishly and thoughtlessly over the hills, coming back to its mother's side when she raised her head warningly. It was just such a heedless, happy calf as Niobe had been in her calfhood. It cropped the clover and short grass, drank of the creek's limpid current, basked in the shade of the huge maples and enjoyed life to the utmost. It played with the other calves, bawled vociferously at milking-time, and ran along confidently at Niobe's side wherever she strayed. At night they lay down together, and indeed nothing in nature was more inseparable than Niobe and her calf.

And never fear but that the sharp horns of the mother were ever ready to protect her young. No prowling dog dare face her wrath, and at all times she was watchful and fearless in her care of the little one. She would have faced a lion with perfect unconcern to have saved the calf, and to see her raise her head and look sharply at any intruder when the calf ran to her was well worth a day's journey. She loved the juvenile bovine with the love of a mother for her first born, and woe to the mischievous boy who attempted any tricks against her offspring.

Did not the Miller boy come into the pasture with his dog, and try to separate her from the calf? And was he not glad to climb a sheltering maple while the astonished canine rushed madly from the pasture with his tail between his legs! The boys let her alone after that. There was of course no thought nor reason in her affection for the calf, excepting that in her blind and stupid animal fashion she loved it. A dull instinct of maternity somewhere lodged in the brain of one of the lower animals. Strange how it reaches from the lowest to the highest.

On through the spring when the iris bloomed in purple lily loveliness by the creek's side, the calf and its mother followed the herd and grazed in utter contentment beyond the rise that stretched away from the maple grove. The spring months deepened into early summer, and the corn in the fields sprang into sight, while the cherries in the garden turned from yellow to scarlet. The calf grew larger and sturdier, and, sad to say, became more boisterous and more free from timidity. He did not stay so close to Niobe, and yet in times of possible peril he was glad to avail himself of the aid of her wicked horns and menacing

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bellow. But he ran more with the other calves, and bawled louder and oftener, and kicked gayly at the clover-tops in a contemptuous and somewhat unseemly way.

Little did he dream of what was to come. One day a buggy drove up to the farm and from the vehicle two strangers descended. They talked with the owner of the farm awhile, and from the cellar a pitcher of cider was brought and from the pantry a generous plate of "crullers." Finally the three men wandered out to the pasture. They looked over the herd of cattle and lounged and leaned against the fence. They chewed straws and whittled sticks and pointed here and there, and finally they took out little books and began to figure in these books with pencils.

They had been laughing and bantering one another until they commenced figuring, but now they were very quiet. At last they finished with the figures and compared the books. Then the taller of the two strangers who had driven out to the farm said, "I'll take the offer if you'll throw in that black calf." He pointed in Niobe's direction as he spoke. She was mildly eating clover at the foot of the slope and the calf was with her. She did not hear the remark, and of course would not have known what it meant if it had been shouted in her ear. Yet what fateful words.

A little more figuring on the part of the owner of the farm, and the bargain was concluded. The next day a number of men came out to the farm, and a great confusion came to pass in the herd of cattle. Here and there they were driven, and some were separated from the rest and driven away. The cattle became excited at seeing this dismemberment of the herd, but the men were skilful and persistent, and after awhile the work of securing the shipment was at an end.

Niobe looked on at the struggle calmly from a distant knoll, as they did not seem to contemplate any movement in her direction. But after the excitement had died down two men and a boy came back to the pasture. They drove Niobe and the calf towards the gate that led to the barn-yard and she went along

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willingly enough, as one of the men was the owner of the farm.

But just as they got to the gate the boy, by a most dastardly, though cunning ruse, separated the two, and before Niobe could collect her meager wits the calf had been shunted through the gate, leaving his mother behind.

Then indeed the sole brute instinct was aroused, and the maternal reasoning, limited though it was, argued danger to the calf. She bellowed madly and rushed furiously at the gate. It was closed and locked, and the fence was high at both sides. She reared up at the repelling rails, but they were too lofty to be scaled, and too strong to be brushed aside. The calf, meanwhile, terror-stricken and bawling for its mother, darted back to the gate and tried to thrust its nose through the gate. Niobe licked her offspring with her rough tongue and ran back and forth trying to find an opening in the barrier.

Then the men came, and seizing the calf dragged it struggling from its mother. It bawled and "blatted" vigorously, its eyes rolling in panic, its tongue sticking out, and its feet scraping along the ground. As the men brought it further into the barn-yard they came to a crate perched on a farm wagon. They hoisted the calf up to this crate, loosened the rope, and pushed it forward to the opening of the receptacle. But the calf, by one convulsive struggle, broke away, and darted wildly down towards the gate again, with the rope trailing in its wake.

Once more it was at the barricade, where Niobe hungrily snuffed and pawed for it, occasionally giving vent to deep-toned "moosings" of distress. The calf butted its head against the planks and stupidly held to the spot where its mother was licking its head until the men secured it for a second time. They laid hold of the rope, and by dint of pushing and pulling at the end the calf was hauled to the crate and finally lodged there safely. Then the boy climbed to the top of the crate and nailed a wide plank across the top so that the doomed calf could not by any possibility escape from its prison.

From the distance came the impatient and disconsolate "mooring" of the bereaved Niobe. She ran back to a little rise to see if she could catch a glimpse of her calf, but saw nothing, as the barn hid the accomplishment of the abduction. She would not go back to the pasture, but loitered about the gate until the boy came back to get a whip he had dropped. Then with a fierce rush she managed to swerve past him and out into the barn yard. There she sniffed at the ground and strove to get out to the road which stretched away from the farm. But here she was balked, and until nightfall she aimlessly wandered

from barn to granary, from wind mill to scale house; bawling for the lost calf. Occasionally there came a response from some wandering highway cow, or some of her companions back in the pasture. At last as the afternoon waned, the shadows came over the hills and swept forward in a tide of twilight.

The sun sank below and beyond the maples, and a whispering wind from the southwest lifted the leaves of a lone elm on a far-off slope. Night-hawks began to sweep over the fields and the lovely light of evening faded into the dying tints of a rose-colored afterglow and melted in the sea that glowed in the track of the setting sun. Night fell and the farm was shrouded in darkness.

And still through the shadows a cow went bawling and "mooring" in an aimless quest for her lost calf. It was Niobe, refusing to be comforted.

The She-Wolf

By Giovanni Verga

SHE was tall and lean; her breast alone revealed the firmness and vigor of the brunette type; and yet she was no longer a young woman. She was pallid, as though she always had the burden of malaria upon her; and in the midst of that pallor two such great eyes and lips so fresh and ruddy that they seemed to devour you alive.

In the village they called her the She-Wolf, because she was never satiated—never—with anything. The women all made the sign of the cross when they saw her pass by, with the skulking, prowling tread of a starving wolf; for she made clean pickings of their sons and husbands with those rosy lips of hers, drawing them on behind her skirts merely with one glance of those eyes like the devil's own, even though they had been standing before the altar of St. Agrippina herself. Fortunately the She-Wolf never went herself to church, neither on Easter nor on Christmas, neither to hear mass nor to confess herself. Father Angiolino, of the Church of St. Mary of Jesus, a true servant of God, had lost his soul for her sake.

Maricchia—poor little thing!—a good and honest lass, wept in secret, because she was the daughter of the She-Wolf, and no one would take her to wife, even if she had had her share of fine things in a chest and her bit of good land in the sunshine, like every other lass in the village.

Once on a time the She-Wolf fell in love with a handsome lad who had just come home from soldiering and was mowing the hay beside her in the fields

of the notary; fell in love in the full sense of the term—love that sets the flesh on fire beneath a fusian jacket and makes you feel, when glances meet, a thirst like that which comes to you during the hot hours of June in the middle of an open pasture. But the lad continued tranquilly to mow, with his nose close down to his task, and would say to her:

"What is the matter with you, Mistress Pina?"

In the silence of those vast fields, broken only by the whirring flight of the grasshoppers, when the sun beat down upon them like lead, the She-Wolf kept on steadily binding bundle after bundle, sheaf after sheaf, never wearying, never for a moment straightening up to relieve her back, never pausing to moisten her lips, but keeping ever close upon the heels of Nanni, who mowed and mowed, and time and again would ask her:

"What is it that you want, Mistress Pina?"

One evening she told him what, while the men were dozing on the threshing floor, weary from a long day's labor, and the dogs were howling in the blackness of the vast open country. "It is you that I want! You who are splendid as the sun and as tempting as honey! It is you I want!"

"And I, on the contrary, want your daughter; the heifer, not the cow," retorted Nanni, with a laugh.

The She-Wolf left him like a hunted thing, with her hands in her hair, tearing at her temples without speaking a word, and roamed away to be seen no more at the threshing floor. But in October she saw Nanni again, because he was working alongside of her home, and the creaking of the oil press kept her awake all the night.

"Take the bag of olives," she said to her daughter, "and come with me."

Nanni was sending the olives by the shovelful into the machine and crying, "Go 'long!" to the mule, to keep it from stopping.

"Do you still want my daughter, Maricchia?" Mistress Pina demanded.

"What have you to give to your daughter, Maricchia?" retorted Nanni.

"She has what her father left her, and besides that, I will give her the house. It is enough for me if you leave me a corner in the kitchen and a little straw to sleep on."

"In that case we can talk of it at Christmas," said Nanni.

He was all greasy and foul with oil and with the olives that had begun to ferment, and Maricchia did not want him at any price. But her mother dragged her by the hair before the hearthstone and told her, between clenched teeth:

"If you don't take him, I will kill you!"

The She-Wolf was really ill, and people began to

say that when the devil grows old he turns hermit. She no longer went prowling hither and thither; she no longer lurked in her doorway, staring out with her devil-haunted eyes. Her son-in-law, whenever he felt those eyes of hers fixed upon him, would try to laugh and would pull out his little scapular of the Madonna, to cross himself with it. Maricchia now stayed at home to nurse her babies, and her mother went forth into the fields to work beside the men, precisely like a man, weeding, spading, driving the cattle, pruning the vines, indifferent to the east winds of winter or the sirocco of August, the days when the mules droop their heads limply and the men sleep open-mouthed on the north side of the wall.

'Twixt nones and vespers, in the gloaming,

No honest woman goes a-roaming,

and Mistress Pina was the solitary living soul to be seen wandering across the country along the heated stones of the narrow lanes or through the parched stubble of the immense fields that melted away in a shimmering haze, far, far away toward nebulous Etna, where the sky sank to sleep on the horizon.

"Wake up!" the She-Wolf commanded Nanni, who was sleeping in the ditch beside the dust-laden hedge, with his head between his arms. "Wake up, for I have brought you a wine that will slake your thirst."

Nanni stared up with misty eyes, halfway between sleeping and waking; then finding her before him, erect and pallid, with swelling breast and eyes black like coals, he stretched out his arms uncertainly toward her. Then:

"No, no!"

"'Twixt nones and vespers, in the gloaming,

No honest woman goes a-roaming,"

sobbed Nanni, hiding his face against the dried grass of the ditch, as deep as he could, with his nails in his hair. "Take yourself off, take yourself off! Never come here again to the threshing floor!"

She took herself off, indeed, the She-Wolf, twisting up her superb tresses and looking down fixedly at her footsteps in the parched stubble, with her eyes black like coals.

But to the threshing floor she came back, time and time again, and Nanni ceased to tell her nay; and when she was late in coming 'twixt nones and vespers, in the hour of gloaming, he would go and wait for her, at the top of the little lane, white and deserted, with the sweat upon his brow—and afterward he would bury his hands in his hair, and repeat to her over and over:

"Take yourself off, take yourself off! Never come back again to the threshing floor!"

Maricchia was weeping night and day, but whenever she saw her mother coming back from the fields, always pallid and mute, she would insolently face her down, with eyes scorching with tears and jealousy, a veritable she-wolf's whelp herself.

"You vile beast!" she would say. "You vile beast of a mother!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"You thief! Oh, you thief!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"I'll bring the police; yes, I will!"

"Bring them then!"

And she really did go and bring them, with her children in her arms, fearless and dry-eyed, like a madwoman, because now, at last, she, too, loved this husband whom they had given her by force, all foul and greasy with the olives that had been put to ferment.

They summoned Nanni to the police court and threatened him with the galleys and the scaffold. Nanni broke down and sobbed and tore out the hair of his head. He denied nothing, he attempted no sort of excuse.

"It is the temptation," he kept saying, "the temptation of hell itself!"

He cast himself at the feet of the official, begging to be sent to the galleys.

"Out of charity, Signor Officer, take me away from the hell I live in! Tell them to kill me or lock me up

in prison; but don't let me see her again—never, never again!"

"No!" was the She-Wolf's decision, when the official argued with her. "I reserved a corner of the kitchen to sleep in, when I gave her my house as a dower. The house is mine. I won't get out of it!"

Not long after Nanni was kicked in the chest by a mule, and was like to die; but the parish priest refused to bring him the sacrament unless the She-Wolf left the house. The She-Wolf did leave the house, so that her son-in-law could prepare to make an end, even he, in good Christian fashion. He made confession and received communion with such signs of repentance and contrition that all the neighbors and curious idlers began to weep around the bed of the dying man. And better would it have been for him to die at that time, before the devil returned to tempt him and take possession of him, body and soul, when he was well again.

"Leave me in peace!" he kept saying to the She-Wolf. "Out of charity, leave me in peace! I have looked death straight in the eyes! And there is poor Maricchia, half mad with despair. And now the whole land knows about it. The less I see of you, the better it is for you and for me."

And it would have been well for him to tear out his eyes, so as not to see those of the She-Wolf; for whenever her eyes looked into his they destroyed him, body and soul. He no longer knew what to do next, to free himself from the spell she cast. He paid mass after mass for the souls in purgatory, and went to seek aid from the parish priest and from the police. At Easter he went to confession and publicly did penance on the holy paving stones in front of the church. And then, when the She-Wolf returned to tempt him.

"Listen!" he said to her. "Never come again to the threshing floor, because if you come again to seek me, as truly as there is a God I will kill you like a beast!"

"Kill me like a beast," replied the She-Wolf, "for all I care. But without you I do not care to live."

And when he saw her coming, from far off, across the budding green of new-sown fields, he paused from pruning the vines and went to take down his scythe from where it hung upon the elm. The She-Wolf saw him come to meet her, pallid and staring-eyed, with his scythe that gleamed in the sun; yet she never shrank back a single step nor lowered her glance, but came steadily toward him, her hands full of great bunches of red poppies, her black eyes devouring him alive.

"May your soul go straight to hell!" said Nanni brokenly.

—From Tales.

De Flagello Myrteo

164.

Memory is the bee of Love, who roves
To gather and store up his sweets for him.
Sting hath she too, sheathed but for fault of Love.

165.

Sweet are the words of Love, sweeter his thoughts:
Sweetest of all what Love nor says nor thinks.

166.

The dealings of Love and Love are like the mutual
transactions of two bankrupts, who continue re-
ceiving what they know can never be repaid.

167.

Love neither gives nor takes receipt in full.

168.

The memory of the sweets of Love is like manna,
which needs to be renewed continually. But the
sweets differ from manna in this, that they may be
gathered in Life's evening as well as in his morning.

169.

Love's grape matures for Youth, his wine for Age.

170.

If one encounter the Ideal of his youth upon the

confines of old age, it is with him as with the Magus Zoroaster, who met his own spirit walking in the garden, and perceived that its face was as the face of an angel.

171.

The *Nunc Dimittis* of the realm of Love

Is like thine, Simeon, yet dissimilar.

All sweet it seems when Youth and Youth unclasp,
But falls like snowflake from the lips of Age.

172.

The wreath of roses bessems not the aged head:
but the wreath of myrtle may be borne gracefully to
the tomb.

173.

Let Beauty sit upon the knee of Youth, but at
the feet of Age: yet may Love raise her once and
again.

174.

The Love which, like the October butterfly, needs
the sunshine of other Love to call it forth, must be
frail, but may be all the more tender.

175.

Happy the aging man who can exchange the staff
of Eld for the shouder of Love.

176.

O that Love were as willing to learn of Wisdom
as Wisdom to be taught by Love!

A Picture of Society

[This stinging condemnation of Edith Wharton's novel is such a discord in the chorus of praise with which "The House of Mirth" has been generally received that it is transplanted to the columns of the Mirror from those of New York Life as a curiously plausible piece of special pleading which misses or ignores the main point of approach to the consideration of a work of fiction, the question "Is it true?" Mrs. Wharton's book may be all Life says and yet be a fine work. The very accusations may be but testimony to the truth of the picture of high New York Society presented in the novel. In fact, this denunciation may be the best possible evidence that Mrs. Wharton has accomplished her purpose in writing the novel. One wonders, by the way, if this critique were not written by a woman. Can it be that Mrs. Wharton is thus castigated by one of her own sex—possibly Miss Agnes Repplier?]

AN interesting milestone in our descent from normal standards is "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton. This effort has been described as "the book of the year," the "best work of fiction," etc., etc., until its sale has reached exalted figures and serious critics have unfortunately accepted it as a marvelous triumph.

It is a marvelous triumph. A prize belongs to any author, male or female, who can produce the impression of a serious work by means so trivial. Not only passionless is this book, but it is devoid of all trace of sentiment, of humor, of honest love and common honor.

There gleams abundance of wit—not the wit of a gleeful heart, but the cynical, sterilized, mirthless wit of the sophisticated cynic; and, worst of all, the female cynic; for it is distinctly feminine—of a woman, by a woman and for a woman.

Whole pages consist merely of clever scandal, verbose and smartly elaborated. With one exception the women of the piece are morally unwholesome, and that one exception, *Gerty Farish*, is not highly respected by the author. Even worse are the male characters. The lover of the heroine—the nearest approach to a hero—is a spineless coward.

A satire may hint at virtue just for purposes of contrast, but between the covers of this book one scarcely finds record of a generous impulse; no touch of heroism; no cause for tears or mirth.

The merit of the work lies chiefly in its language. It is cleverly written. But the cleverness, as in other efforts of this writer, is too assertive. "The House of Mirth," in short, is the biography of a characterless girl, smartly told, but not worth the telling.

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Theatrical

Monna Vanna.

"Monna Vanna," at the Garrick this week, is a great drama—great in its grip upon the human heart and in its theatric simplicity. Such plays happen this way seldom. Some have pronounced it too suggestive to be presented in public, but this is merely a mistaken point of view. There is more of suggestion in some of the freak music shows with their scantily clad females occupying the most conspicuous part of the stage. "Monna Vanna," as Bertha Kalich and her supporting company interpret it, approaches close to pure dramatic art.

The story of the play is unique. Its plot can be told in a few words, yet in its acting and production, the single theme, the sacrifice of a wife's honor to save the starving people of besieged Pisa, develops into three long acts fulfilled of strength and beauty. The story is laid in the fifteenth century, and it deals with the siege of Pisa, by the Florentines, commanded by *Prinzivalle*, a soldier of fortune, a mercenary without a country. The citizens are starving, and the town's about to fall, when *Prinzivalle* sends word that he will send food and provisions and withdraw his army if *Monna Vanna*, the wife of *Guido*, the Pisa commander, will come to his tent and pass the night with him. The Pisans leave the decision to her, ignoring her husband, and *Monna Vanna* agrees to save her people and go. In *Prinzivalle* she discovers a childhood playmate and sweetheart. He has loved her always, and he tells her of his love and spares her honor. He also tells her of the Florentine plot to execute him, and she, unwilling to see the savior of Pisa sacrificed, invites him to Pisa for asylum and shelter. Arriving there, *Monna's* husband refuses to believe her story, likewise the people, and in desperation, to save the life of *Prinzivalle*, she confesses to a lie. She demands the right to be his jailer and his executioner, but she whispers her words of love and plans for escape into his ears just before he is led away and the curtain finally falls on her going to join him.

Perhaps this great human interest story, without Bertha Kalich in the title role, would sink to worse than the commonplace. Her art has a chastening effect on it all. She is an artist in her reading, in her gestures, and has power in repose. Her method is quiet but intense. She is a tall, slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman—not particularly beautiful, but with a striking note of sadness in her face, even in repose, that imparts to it something finer than beauty. She is as unique in a way as the play itself. There is a fascinating beauty even in the utterance of her lines. Her English, which still shows traces of newness, is, nevertheless, distinctly spoken, and it is only in the tender scenes, when rapid utterance is demanded that her enunciation fails. But the childish effect of this only adds a charm to her style and contributes to make her one of the unique women of the stage. There is an element of greatness in her very simplicity and naturalness. She gives forth a pleasing impression of contemporaneity with the time and scenes of the play. She seems true renaissance. There is but one other real artist in the cast, Leonard Shepherd, who plays the role of the treacherous, intriguing *Trizulzio*, the Florentine commissioner. Like Mme. Kalich, even more so, does he appear true to the period. Nothing seems wanting in either case but Italian speech. There's something akin to magic in Mr. Shepherd's interpretation of the treacherous, yet brave and patriotic Florentine. Such acting as he does in the tent of *Prinzivalle* in the



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second act is whelmingly forceful and truthful.

It, perhaps, is easy to criticise the art of Henry Kolker, who plays the part of Guido, husband of Monna Vanna; of Henry B. Stanford, who plays the role of Prinzivalle, the Florentine mercenary, but they are not convincing. Mr. Kolker's is a most difficult role, and the temptation to declamatory pyrotechnics is the stumbling block of the actor. He mouths and rants a great deal, and at times gets far beyond the pale of the author's meaning. Mr. Stanford, as the "great" commander of the great besieging army, rouses lively suggestions of James Hazen Hyde. At times he seems to strike the right gait, the gait that such a noted soldier of fortune demands, but invariably he slips back to the mediocre. He neither talks nor acts like the commander of such a great besieging army as harrasses Pisa, but he's hot stuff when it comes to love making. He is more the lover and less the general. Mr. Stanford is handsome, but not military.

Frederick Perry, as Marco Colonna, the father of Guido, who wins the son's condemnation and curses for consenting to the sacrifice of Monna Vanna, is quite a capable actor. Joseph O'Meara and Stanley Jessup as Guido's lieutenants, acquit themselves creditably in minor parts.

The mounting of the play is in keeping with its artistic nature. The mob scenes are well executed, and the illusion of the provision train going to the relief of Pisa, is also intelligently contrived. Scenically, there has not been seen in a long time anything quite so beautiful as the dawn scene in the third act. All the beauty of the Italian sky is seen in this glorious setting.

The Rollicking Girl.

Better singing would do much to justify the classification of "The Rollicking Girl" as a musical comedy, but of what use is singing, even in a musical show, in which the extremely funny Sam Bernard appears? He is, to use his famous expression, "sufficiency." He has to be in "The Rollicking Girl," else something would be heard to drop. Hattie Williams, pretty and talented soubrette as she is, does not supply the much-needed musical sauce for the Bernard pudding, hence Samuel has to fill in. Miss Williams does excellently well in all but her musical numbers, and those who remember the vibrant, silvery ring of her voice in the days of her Rogers Brothers triumphs, readily noticed Sunday night that her voice had undergone a great change—had lost all its melody and fullness. Despite this she sang one or two numbers with some effect.

On the other hand Mr. Bernard, who was last seen in St. Louis with Weber and Fields, surpasses even the hopes of his most enthusiastic admirers in his German comedy role. Mr. Bernard "has it" on all the other dispensers of the German linguistic legerdemain. He is a veritable Pelee at the game. But this isn't his only claim to superiority. Quite generally he acts and talks like a German citizen might be imagined to act and talk, he doesn't altogether depend on the thread-bare principle of putting the cart before the horse in his speech, in order to succeed. Mr. Bernard, in short, comes nearer to a wholesome conception of a German character than any of those who bear the stamp "German comedians." He's funny to look at and to listen to and he's pretty nearly the whole show.

Willard Simms is another of the cast who is a sincere worker and versatile, but who has an awful time convincing the audience whether his is comedy or not. He gets scarcely any notice until well along toward the end, when he does several bits of mimicry—vocal and terpsichorean.

Miss Vinie Daly, who plays the part of Mrs. Schmalz, wife of the wig maker

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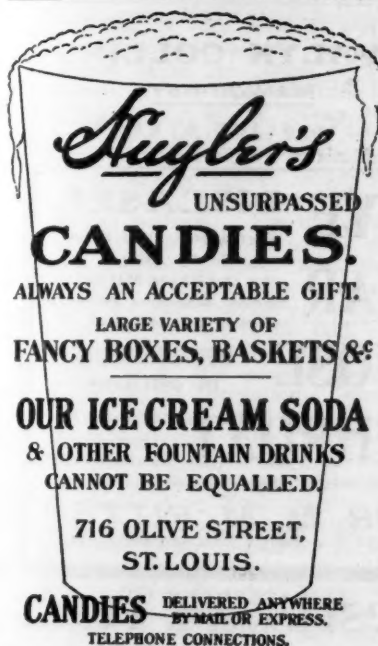
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Monday, Jan. 8,

There Won't Be An Empty Seat.

"BUD"
MANTZ
Treasurer of the Olympic
Theater

Has "His Night," with Joe Caw-
thorn and His Company of 125
to Furnish The Fun.

(Bernard), is a first-class performer whose talents are pretty effectually concealed in this production. Miss Daly, of all the women, reveals something of a voice and shows she could trip the light fantastic, too, but she only gets about five minutes of the three hours of the show. And how the audiences do crave some singing just about this juncture! There's another girl, one of the chorus, who also reveals a rather rich voice for a few seconds, but her identity is lost to the grateful public either by mistake or design of the programme maker, who failed to give the music numbers and those rendering them, space in the book.

These are about all the mentionables in the cast. The others haven't much to do. The chorus is an organization of good voices, including several males. The scene settings for their appearance and the costumes are rich and tasteful. The whole show is ornate in its mounting—one scene in particular—the waterfall—being exceptionally pleasing to the eye. It's good medicine for the blues, is "The Rollicking Girl," for the sternest critic can scarce resist the efforts of Sam Bernard to extract fun out of *Schmalz*, the wig-maker.

The Pit.

"The Pit," though quite well known to the majority of St. Louisans, has been having a successful second season at the Century. The play is remarkable for the intelligent manner in which such a difficult production is staged. The acting also is of a high order. Wilton Lackaye, an actor of acknowledged ability, plays the leading role, *Curtis Jadwin*, a Chicago wheat speculator, in his own fascinating way. Perhaps the most agreeable surprise, however, is furnished by Miss Jane Oaker, a talented St. Louis girl, now in her second season with Mr. Lackaye. Miss Oaker displays immense improvement in her work. She also displays greater confidence in herself, and undoubtedly has grasped the elusive thing called success.

Miss Beulah Watson, who plays *Page Dearborn*, is another gifted member of the cast whose work is a delight to her auditors.

Among the men in the cast E. H. Reardon ranks next to Mr. Lackaye. Mr. Reardon gives a faithful and pathetic interpretation of the ruined speculator. His acting is of a high order.

Kellar, the clever magician, and his equally clever assistant, Valadon, are furnishing an excellent exhibition of magic at the Grand this week. Their show is given on a fully lighted stage and closer to the footlights than most magicians dare to go in their performance. All of which adds to its mystery. The principal attraction is an act of a half-hour's duration, called "The Witch, the Sailor and the Enchanted Monkey," in which the appearances and disappearances of the half-dozen participants are truly marvelous. This is a new act and it is flanked by other new features of a minor nature, all combining to make a most entertaining performance.

Joseph Santley, a youth possessing considerable histrionic ability, is playing the leading part in "The Runaway Boy" at the Imperial this week. Young Santley has had some little experience on the stage and he has profited by it, as is evidenced by his presentation of the boy in the Imperial piece. The play is quite an interesting revelation of the common experience of every boy who thinks the world is easy to conquer and runs away from home to do the work. The others in the "Runaway Boy" cast are capable in parts that are not very exacting. The piece is well mounted and seems to be popular with the Imperial patrons.

A two-act musical farce, "Mixed, Mud-

dled and Fixed," is inviting storms of laughter at the Standard. The comedy of the piece is the best of its kind and it

is well presented by John, Jess and Joe Madden. The specialty bill includes those clever comedy jugglers, the two

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Ashtons; Brooks Brothers, talking comedians; Rose Jeannette, vocalist and dancer, and Scanlan and Stanley in musical numbers. Miss Scanlan does some clever and funny character impersonation in which line she has no equal on the burlesque stage.

"On the Fall River Line," a comic musical sketch, is the leading fun producer of the Vanity Fair Company's show at the Gayety this week. Charles Harris takes the lead in comedy and acquits himself creditably. In the specialties in the sketch team Harris and Harris, he also appears. The other vaudeville features are both plentiful and interesting.

Coming Attractions.

Next Monday night will be a big one at the Olympic. "Bud" Mantz's benefit night. The crowd will be pretty near as much of an attraction as the inimitable comedian. Joe Cawthorne and his new play, "Fritz in Tammany." The engagement opens Sunday night. The piece is said to be one of the best travesties of the season. A good company supports Mr. Cawthorne.

Next week another Clyde Fitch play, about which there has been much discussion comes to the Century for a week. It is, "His Grace De Grammont," and it combines romance and comedy, it is said, to a satisfactory degree. Otis Skinner in the title role, and other celebrities, are presenting the piece.

"The Royal Chef" and the "broilers" are coming back to the Garrick next week. The first performance will be given Sunday night. This is one of the most popular musical comedies on the road, and it has been particularly well received here. All the favorite players that accompanied it on its last visit will be here next week. Fifty cent matinees have been decided upon for the engagement.

"The Four Mortons" will be at the Grand next week, commencing their engagement with a matinee Sunday. Their vehicle is entitled, "Breaking Into Society," and it is said to be mighty good entertainment. It contains lots of variety and plenty of comedy.

There will be plenty of action of the nerve straining character at the Imperial next week when "Marching Through Georgia" is to be presented. The piece is regarded as one of the most popular melodramas on the road this season, combining all the elements of a good play, and being presented by a company of capables.

The Standard will present next week "The Parisian Burlesquers," a show that has been attracting full houses throughout the circuit. The company includes some of the best talent on the burlesque stage, and comedy is one of the foremost features of their performance. A travesty or two, and a good bill of specialties, including vocalists presenting the latest popular songs, are other features.

The Gayety's patrons will be entertained next week commencing with a matinee Sunday, by "The City Sports," one of the best burlesque organizations on the new circuit. A specialty bill of exceptional quality, a skit or two and some good singing will be features.

Washington Hotel Entertainment

A treat in the nature of a select entertainment will be afforded St. Louis citizens Tuesday, January 9th, at the Washington Hotel. Miss Nannie Barbee, an exceptionally clever amateur mimic and impersonator of the negro, will be the principal entertainer. Miss Barbee is a member of an old Kentucky family, who has delighted with exhibitions of her art the fashionable sets of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Louisville. Prominent among the patrons of the entertainment to be given by her at the Washington are: Gov. and Mrs. David R. Francis, Breckenridge Jones, Mr. Collins Thompson, Mrs. S. S. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wm. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Delafield, Mrs. John N. Booth, Dr. and Mrs. John Young Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kretshmar, Miss Myra Tutt, Miss Eliza Bock, Mr. and Mrs. George Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel

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The Stock Market

Sensational twists in call-money rates were the exciting feature in the past week's stock market developments. There was intense agitation, and some precipitate selling, when the rate rose to 110 per cent, the highest level touched since the autumn of 1899, when the maximum rate was 186 per cent. It could soon be noticed, however, that offerings of stocks were absorbed with anxious haste on the part of the multifarious cliques now in control of the Wall street situation. Among stock-jobbers it was agreed that this was not the time to let the entire market go all to pieces. Their purposes are not yet accomplished. They are intent upon establishing still higher prices for the unloading process. Under the perhaps pardonable impression that the squeeze in money won't last long, they thought it the better policy to hold their stocks, to absorb all offerings at weakening prices, and to submit to a grinding money rate, rather than permit the entire fragile structure of inflation to tumble about their ears.

Time-money rates also stiffened up. At this writing, there's comparatively little money to be had at less than eight and nine per cent, these rates including commission. There can be no doubt that the money-market is tight, tight enough, in very deed, to warrant grave apprehensions among conservative people as to the future of stock speculation. It is reported from New York that, owing to the money stringency, building operations have already been sharply curtailed. A prolongation of present conditions would soon exert deleterious influences upon all branches of business. For this reason, and not solely on account of the disagreeable position in which Wall street "pools" now find themselves, it is to be hoped that the squeeze will soon be at an end. But let it be said once more: No permanent relief will be had until Wall street has gone through a drastic process of liquidation. Money contributed by the Federal Treasury or interior banks would simply encourage a continuation of hair-brained inflation.

In response to the sharp advance in money rates in New York, sterling exchange has fallen back considerably, but no gold imports are looked for, unless an additional drop should take place sufficient to offset the astonishingly low rate quoted for sterling exchange at Paris, which is at present the lowest recorded for about twenty-five years. The Berlin rate for sterling is slightly higher, this being the result, unquestionably, of the relief afforded to the Ger-

man market by the withdrawals of gold from the Imperial Bank of Russia. The Russian political situation is now held to warrant more optimistic views. Owing to the slight successes gained lately by the Czar's government, Russian bonds have risen several points in the last few days. Any indication of a half-way satisfactory restoration of order in Muscovy would prove a veritable bonanza to some daring speculators in London and on the Continent who have for weeks been buying up large blocks of Russian securities thrown over at ruinous losses by thousands of panic-stricken investors.

Amalgamated and Anaconda Copper continue to bob up and down in wonderful fashion. The last-named stock especially executed brilliant pyrotechnics latterly. All this on account of the declaration of a 3½ per cent dividend, which is considered to be quarterly. The last dividend, paid in September, was 5 per cent. In 1904, the company distributed only 4 per cent to its shareholders. The same rate was paid in 1903 and 1902. A rate of 13 per cent was paid in 1901, and one of 16 per cent in 1899. The controlling interest in the Anaconda being lodged in the Amalgamated Copper Co., glorious visions of immense dividend payments on the shares of the last-named concern precipitated a wild scramble on the part of both bulls and bears to buy Amalgamated, the consequence being a perpendicular rise to 109 and over.

After the sudden and severe setback given the entire market by the perturbative "stunts" in money rates, the cliques went to work with renewed zest and vim, manipulative efforts being noticeable particularly in Union Pacific, St. Paul, Steel, Sugar and Traction issues. The transactions in all of these were on an enormous scale. United States Steel common rose to 40, with immense blocks of the shares changing hands. Notwithstanding all the tightness of money, there's quite a number of traders who stoutly predict that Steel common will soon go to 60. There's plenty of talk of a resumption of dividend payments before the end of the year 1906. No doubt, there's considerable justification for this cheerful sentiment on Steel shares. The Trust is doing a great business; its producing capacity is taxed to the utmost, and net earnings are almost certain to increase rather than decrease as the months go by. It should be well, however, to give some heed to money market developments. If tight money should be the rule for any length of time, general business activity could not, as above intimated, withstand its withering effect.

The Belmont and Ryan clique is about to perpetrate another astounding feat in financial legerdemain, in connection with the recently announced traction deal in New York. About \$70,000,000 worth of fresh and unadulterated water is to be pumped into the traction capitalization. The Interborough's capital of \$30,000,000 stock is to be converted into \$70,000,000 bonds, the conversion to be sugared with an issuance of \$31,500,000 new stock for a bonus. The Metropolitan will be given another characteristic overhauling. The \$52,000,000 stock is to be converted into \$78,000,000 new stock, and the old "holding company's" shares are to be purchased with stock of a new one. The old Metropolitan guaranteed dividend of 7 per cent they intend to scale down to 5 per cent, suffering shareholders to be given a sort of doubtful solatium in \$26,000,000 stock of the new "holding company" as a bonus. The 7 per cent dividend was guaranteed under the now famous, or rather infamous, lease of 1902. If the shareholders should consent to this scaling-down to 5 per cent, the 999-year lease of 1902 would, *ipso facto*, become null and void. Considered all around, this latest traction consolidation scheme is amazingly daring in its sublime indifference to legal rights as well as the interests of the

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people of New York. Something or other will have to be done by the city authorities to counteract the pernicious plans of the Belmont-Ryan clique of highbinders.

These are the important facts to be borne in mind at this speculative juncture: Money is tight, though it will be easier again after January 2d or 3d; some time in January, there may be another squeeze in rates, because money advanced by Europe to Wall street borrowers will then have to be re-paid; the reserve ratio of the Bank of England is the lowest, for this time of the year, in fifteen years, with only one ex-

ception—1903; Paris exchange on London is abnormally low; most stocks are preposterously high, and the "lambs" are rushing in for the slaughter.

Local Securities.

The bull orgies in Wall street have a stimulating effect on St. Louis speculative affairs. Prices showed remarkable resiliency in many instances. Purchasers are more numerous, and there's quite a speculative appetite for certain street railway and bank issues. A continuation of the upward movement in New York would doubtless lead to a



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With 80 Funmakers
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In Klaw & Erlanger's
Production of John J.
McNally's music play
**"Fritz in
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Hall."**
Seats Thursday

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THIS WEEK
**Wilton
Lackaye**
In Wm. A. Brady's
Great Production
THE PIT

NEXT WEEK
**Otis
Skinner**
In the sparkling romantic
comedy,
**HIS GRACE DE
GRAMMONT**
By Clyde Fitch.

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BERTHA KALICH
(Her first appearance in St. Louis as an
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MONNA VANNA
Maurice Maeterlinck's Masterpiece. Management
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In the new sensational comedy drama
A RUNAWAY BOY
Sunday Matinee Jan. 7—Marching through Georgia.

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Next Sunday Matinee
The Four Mortons—Breaking Into Society

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decisive sympathetic movement in the
local market. Prosperity is every-
where talked of; it's the countersign on
the exchanges. "Buy any old thing," is
once more the popular advice. Two
years ago, it was different. Then they
told us to "sell any old thing." Money
is rather stiff, with rates at 5½ to 6½
per cent. It's to be presumed that St.
Louis banks are gathering in some of
the splendid profits to be had by lend-
ing money these days in Wall street.

United Railways common has moved
up to 38½, on small transactions. The
stock acts decidedly firm. The pre-
ferred is strong at 84½, with offerings
limited. The 4 per cent bonds are ob-
tainable at 89.

Activity in bank issues was small lat-
terly. For Boatmen's 265 is asked,
with no bids at this writing. For
Bank of Commerce 346½ is bid, 351
asked, a decline of about two points,
compared with a week ago. Common-
wealth Trust was a feature at times,
with sales on a sliding sale from 345
to 344. Missouri-Lincoln Trust is
selling, in odd lots, at 140 to 141.

A few lots of Cotton Compress sold
at 54, and 5 shares of National Candy
2d preferred found a buyer at 76. For
the common 9½ is asked. Chicago
Railway Equipment is higher, being
quoted at about 8¼ bid, 8½ asked. For
St. Louis Transfer 90 is asked. Bond
issues show little or no change.

It is estimated that the dividend and
interest disbursements in St. Louis, on
January 1st, will amount to more than
\$4,000,000. This estimate includes only
listed securities. On January 1st, 1905,
the disbursements aggregated about \$3-
250,000. The banks will pay out \$498-
000 in dividends, and six trust compa-
nies \$680,000. Both bank and trust
company dividends show gains, com-
pared with a year ago. The interest
payments on government and municip-
al bonds are estimated, approximately,
at \$175,000. Interest and dividend pay-
ments on street railway issues held in
this city will amount to almost \$900,000.

Exchange on New York is quoted at
35 discount bid, 15 discount asked.
Sterling exchange is lower, being quot-
ed at 4.85½. Berlin exchange is
95.13, and Paris 5.16½.

Answers to Inquiries.

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Yes, would hang on to Southern Paci-
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Don't mind the Dr. Oslers
Who have so much to say
About men being lobsters,
Because they're old and gray.
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Keep your body well preserved—
At sixty years you will be a "few"
More than the "youth preferred."
At Lucas avenue and Fourth street
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Leave the rest to expert "hands."

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Lv. TEXARKANA.....	TEXAS & PACIFIC.....	11.40 p. m., Tue.	Fri.
Lv. LONGVIEW JUNCTION.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	2.40 a. m., Wed.	Sat.
Lv. PALESTINE.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	5.10 a. m., Wed.	Sat.
Lv. SAN ANTONIO.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	1.30 p. m., Wed.	Sat.
Ar. LAREDO.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	6.00 p. m., Wed.	Sat.
Ar. MONTEREY.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	11.35 p. m., Wed.	Sat.
Ar. SALTILLO.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	2.45 a. m., Thu.	Sun.
Ar. CITY OF MEXICO.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	8.30 p. m., Thu.	Sun.

NORTH-BOUND.

Lv. CITY OF MEXICO.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	7.15 a. m., Tue.	Sat.
Lv. SALTILLO.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	1.15 a. m., Wed.	Sun.
Lv. MONTEREY.....	NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO.....	4.15 a. m., Wed.	Sun.
Lv. LAREDO.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	11.15 a. m., Wed.	Sun.
Lv. SAN ANTONIO.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	4.15 p. m., Wed.	Sun.
Lv. PALESTINE.....	I. & G. N. R. R.....	12.05 a. m., Thu.	Mon.
Lv. LONGVIEW JUNCTION.....	TEXAS & PACIFIC.....	2.35 a. m., Thu.	Mon.
Lv. TEXARKANA.....	IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.....	5.35 a. m., Thu.	Mon.
Ar. LITTLE ROCK.....	IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.....	9.40 a. m., Thu.	Mon.
Ar. ST. LOUIS.....	IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.....	8.00 p. m., Thu.	Mon.

The equipment includes observation car, dining car, stateroom
sleeping car and standard drawing-room sleeping cars.

For descriptive pamphlets and further information, address

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Reasons Why

Connoisseurs and Intelligent Beer Drinkers
Throughout the World, Demand

FALSTAFF

BOTTLED BEER

- 1st. It is "The Choicest Product of the Brewer's Art."
- 2d. It is made by "**LEMP**"
- 3d. "**LEMP**" Brews are the result of sixty-six years study in the Art of Brewing.
- 4th. "**LEMP**" Brews are healthful, unadulterated and free from chemicals.
- 5th. "**LEMP**" Brews are never exposed to the atmosphere from the time they leave the brewery vat until opened for use.
- 6th. Opening a bottle of "**FALSTAFF**," is like tapping a fresh keg for each guest.
- 7th. "**LEMP**" Brews contain less than four per cent alcohol.
- 8th. "**LEMP**" Brews are made of the best ingredients and with the utmost care. They are not in competition with cheap, inferior beers.

The public is cordially invited to inspect our plant.

WM. J. LEMP BREWING CO.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

